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The Shape of Things

WITH THE RESCUE OF A SECOND GROUP OF the Robin Moor's passengers and crew, all those aboard the torpedoed vessel have been accounted for. But the happy miracle that saved the lives of these forty-six American citizens abandoned without mercy in mid-ocean cannot be allowed to excuse the German action. We may put aside the question of contraband, for both Britain and Germany have extended the definition of contraband to cover almost every article conceivably capable of being used to promote the enemy's war effort, and the Robin Moor's cargo included such things as trucks and steel rails. But granting that contraband was carried, the German submarine commander clearly violated the London naval treaty of 1930, which was signed by Germany, when he sank the ship without regard to the safety of those on board. The Administration, we are sure, will demand a formal explanation, an apology, and reparation for this incident. But it ought to go much farther and take steps to prevent any repetition. By the Neutrality Act we voluntarily abdicated the right to pursue our commerce in wide areas conceded to be danger zones. Now if any American ship carrying on any kind of trade with Britain and its allies is to be sunk wherever an Axis raider may catch it, most of our remaining trade routes will be blocked also. Authorized German spokesmen, commenting on the Robin Moor case, have been anything but conciliatory. "Germany," we are told, "won't be buffaloes by American or English discussions concerning the Robin Moor. Whenever any ship with contraband sails for England we'll shoot at it." Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles has pointed out that Americans have never been impressed by "bluster or threats." To do the Nazis justice, we think they are equally indifferent to bluff. Only by action can they be made to respect American interests.

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THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN AGAINST SYRIA HAS not developed a *Blitzkrieg* tempo. Clearly Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who commands the British and Free French forces, is anxious to restrict casualties on both sides as much as possible. But desertions from Vichy's

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army appear to have been on a smaller scale than had been expected, while the attitude of the main body of Syrian Arabs has not yet been clearly defined. If the British are successful in capturing Beirut and Damascus, food supplies rushed from Palestine to these big centers of population may prove a compelling argument in winning the native Syrians from their extremely tenuous allegiance to Vichy. Meanwhile the news of the conflict seems to have done little to swing opinion in France away from pro-British sympathy and closer to the policy of collaboration in the "New Order." Admiral Darlan in his latest speech found it convenient not to mention Syria. Instead, he begged his audience not to listen to external voices and to avoid a disastrous peace for France by following where Vichy led. It was a remarkable admission of the gap which exists between Frenchmen and their nominal government. "There are many," said Darlan, "who are trying to darken the nation's understanding. You are nervous and anxious because, unhappily, many of you believe everything that is said and whispered, even without taking time to reflect—many believe that what they hear every day over the clandestine or dissident radio, paid for by a foreign power, is the absolute truth." This is indeed so, and the Admiral might have added that few Frenchmen believe anything they see in the French press or hear from the official government radio because they are rightly convinced that both do no more than parrot the voice of Berlin.

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THE SMOKE OF RUMOR HANGING HEAVILY along the two-thousand-mile frontier between Hitler's Europe and Stalin's Russia is diverting attention from the smoke of battle over the Syrian and Libyan deserts. Perhaps that is the intention, or perhaps by making threatening gestures in the direction of Moscow the Nazis hope to conceal preparations for an all-out attempt to invade Britain. For there is no doubt that Berlin is encouraging rumors of troop concentrations directed against Russia and of impending military and economic demands on Russia of a sweeping character. In fact, if these stories, which pop up in one European center after another, could be traced to their source, most of them would probably be found to have originated in Goebbels's busy production department. Germany, as usual, seems to be playing a double skin-game. By brandishing his sword toward the east Hitler may hope to give an argument to those appeasers in Britain and America who have always thought his lust for conquest could be assuaged at the expense of Russia. This argument no longer cuts much ice in Britain, but conceivably American isolationists might still attempt to use it. On the other hand, Hitler does genuinely need Russian cereals and oil if he is to keep his swollen empire functioning through another year or more of war, and he has reason to know that Stalin is ready to pay a very big price to stave off a con-

flict. A clash between Germany and Russia seems unlikely, but of course Hitler may overplay his hand and demand more than even the dictator of all the Russias dare concede. There does not seem much that either Britain or America can do by way of interference, except to make it clear to the world that, no matter what other enemies Germany may attract, they will press the war unrelentingly.

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THE PRESIDENT'S ACTION CLOSING GERMAN consular and propaganda offices in the United States, coming on top of his order freezing Axis funds in this country, brings us as close to a break in diplomatic relations as we could come without taking that final step. No one can doubt the justification for this action. It has long been an open secret that German consular officials have been supervising propaganda activities detrimental to the policies of our government. Agencies like the German Library of Information and Transocean News have flooded this country with somewhat crude arguments in defense of the Nazi political system. Since these agencies were violating no law, exceptional measures had to be taken to stop them. As for the freezing of Axis funds, that came so late that it can hardly have much effect. Although it is estimated that Germany and Italy at one time had assets in this country of between \$300,000,000 and \$400,000,000, most of these assets were long ago turned into cash. Yet as long as the Axis powers were allowed financial freedom, there was no way of keeping them from using their balances to finance propaganda activities in Latin America. It is probable that they also found these balances useful for financing a subterranean trade in war materials to Germany via the Far East. This trade will now doubtless be financed by Japanese balances. Why Japan was not included in the order is not clear unless it was because the Administration is unwilling to antagonize Standard Oil and other companies which are still making large profits out of trade with an avowed enemy.

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THE STATEMENT OF THE POLISH CABINET IN exile in London pledging equal treatment in the new Free Poland for citizens "regardless of nationality, race, or religion" and condemning all anti-Semitic moves as harmful to the Polish cause is like a fresh breeze through an old ghetto. William Zukerman, in an excellent article in our issue of May 17, nailed down the anti-Semitic tendencies of influential Poles living in England. He also reported that the London *News-Chronicle* had been storming against the insult to democracy and the abuse of hospitality inherent in this attitude. The statement of the Polish Cabinet is certainly an answer to the *News-Chronicle's* campaign. It is also designed to win the goodwill of Americans, Jews and non-Jews, and we can't help feeling that Mr. Zukerman's direct attack found its way into the councils of the Polish Government in Exile.

ALTHOUGH AMBASSADOR GREW'S PROTEST against the bombing of the American safety zone at Chungking, during which bombs fell near the United States gunboat Tutuila, suggests a stronger policy toward Tokyo, the most recent Washington news hints at appeasement. Sensational stories regarding the location of the American fleet continue to be heard around the capital. And it has been revealed that despite talk of "gasless Sundays" along the Atlantic seaboard, Japan continues to get 800,000 barrels of oil a month—including high-octane gasoline usable in airplanes. We hope the direct action of Harold Ickes in halting a shipment of oil to Japan will be repeated. It is said that the President hesitates to dispatch a fleet of battleships to Singapore or Manila lest the United States become involved in a "shooting war" in the Pacific at a time when the Atlantic situation is most critical. Such a possibility cannot, of course, be disregarded. But if the past experience of the democracies with the Axis powers means anything at all, the surest way to create a situation out of which a "shooting war" will inevitably develop is to use big words and a small stick—while providing the potential enemy with the sinews of war.

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JAPAN IS STILL IN A QUANDARY ABOUT HOW to deal with the rejection of its demands by the government of the Dutch East Indies. The trade delegation headed by Kenkichi Yoshizawa remains in Batavia despite several reports that it would be withdrawn. Whether negotiations will be continued seems to depend on the nature of the Dutch reply, as yet unpublished. Meanwhile, veiled hints of Japanese armed action in the near future are in the air. From a Chinese source we hear that the Japanese navy is already moving southward. Such reports have been circulated so frequently in the past that it is well to take them with a grain of salt. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the extremists are urging action, and although the extremists are not so powerful as they were a few years ago, it is never safe to count them out altogether. A year ago the Japanese could have had the East Indies for the taking. But if they move today they will encounter not only much more effective Dutch resistance but a much-strengthened Britain at Singapore. This opposition they might risk if they felt confident that the United States would stand by and allow its chief source of rubber, tin, and other strategic raw materials to fall into Japanese hands.

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THE PRESIDENT'S SUPREME COURT CHOICES are on the whole good. Senator Byrnes, who replaces Justice McReynolds, has long been regarded as one of the ablest men in Congress. His bad record on legislation in behalf of Negroes is the chief count against him, and a serious one. But he has been very effective

in the field of government reorganization. The findings of the committee of which he was head still stand as the most constructive program for the coordination of social security, public works, and relief. Attorney General Jackson, who is to replace Hughes, has made a brilliant record as an able and consistent liberal during his brief stay in his present post. His position on civil liberties has been particularly sound, and it is comforting to know that a man with these views is to sit on the Supreme Court during the difficult period that lies ahead. The only appointment that had not been generally foreseen was that of Associate Justice Stone to be Chief Justice. And yet this should not have been a surprise, for Justice Stone is undoubtedly one of the ablest members of the court, as well as the oldest in point of service. Although a staunch Republican and Attorney General under Coolidge, he was among the first to recognize the necessity for greater governmental powers to meet the exceptional problems of the present day. As Chief Justice he can be relied upon to use his influence to see that laws are interpreted on a common-sense rather than on a formal or legalistic basis.

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THE BOLD MOVE OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL of the American Federation of Teachers in initiating a membership referendum on the proposal to expel three locals on charges of Communist domination resulted in an overwhelming vote in its favor. Excluding the votes of the expelled locals, the membership approved the council's action by approximately four to one. New locals will be chartered to take the place of those expelled, and petitions for these charters have already been filed; but all applications for membership will be passed upon by a committee of four. The most difficult and delicate task still lies ahead—the task of keeping out Stalinists, those who hold party cards and those who don't, without penalizing the innocents who are the easiest prey of the "militant" Communists. It is so difficult, in fact, that no union would adopt such a procedure if there were any other way out of an intolerable situation. The situation in the Teachers' Union was certainly intolerable; and since it is a voluntary union and there is no question of the closed shop, the desperate remedy seems to us justified. It seems quite likely to be administered without abuses, for the members of the executive council are known liberals who realize that the vast majority of members of the expelled locals, like the membership of most unions under party control, are not Stalinists. One of the charters may be issued to the Teachers' Guild, which split away from the Teachers' Union several years ago on the very same issue. Meanwhile the officers of the expelled locals are threatening legal action and a fight at the union convention in August. One mark of the Stalinist is his intense dislike of even a taste of his own purgative medicine.

WE RECOMMEND AS GOOD LIGHT READING the annual report of the Department of Lighting of the City of Seattle. Last year's revenues were \$6,273,199, an increase of \$144,456 over 1939. Operating expenses, less depreciation, were \$2,102,397, an increase of \$66,616, which went largely to increased wages. The average wage of the plant's employees is \$172.90 a month, and they work forty hours a week. During 1940 the "all-electric rate" was introduced, providing residents of Seattle with electric energy for all domestic purposes except house heating at a cost of only \$5 for 370 kilowatt-hours per month. The people of Seattle not only save thousands of dollars every year on electricity for domestic use; they also enjoy the distinction of paying only 1.9 cents a kilowatt hour for their street lighting, which is one-half the rate paid in the majority of American cities. Unlike the private companies, City Light does something about paying off its bonded indebtedness. Since 1904 it has redeemed nearly \$22,000,000 worth of bonds entirely from its revenues, and in 1940 it redeemed \$1,704,000 worth. "Of course," says the spokesman for the private companies, "they pay no taxes." Wrong again. City Light paid taxes and made contributions to the cost of government to the tune of \$577,640.

Letting Britain Down

AFTER the President's words of a few weeks ago about the necessity for getting aid to Britain, the official figures on the first three months' operation of the Lease-Lend Act come as a profound shock. It will be recalled that when the act was passed, provision was made for the immediate release of \$1,300,000,000 in supplies from existing army and navy stocks so that no time would be lost waiting for new production. It was recognized on every hand that the situation called for the utmost speed. The position of Britain and Greece in the Mediterranean was already critical in mid-March. An invasion of England was widely expected by April or May. The shipping situation had become extremely serious on the Atlantic. There was a clear recognition of the fact that if we did not soon get substantial shipments to England and Greece it would be too late.

Such was the urgency. What are the results? A close analysis of the President's report indicates that we turned over to Great Britain in the first three months of the Lend-Lease program just \$10,729,684 in supplies out of the \$7,000,000,000 appropriated. Of this practically \$8,000,000 consisted of agricultural products, leaving the total amount of munitions—by the broadest stretching of the word—at a little more than \$2,700,000. No ammunition, ordinance, or arms were supplied out of the \$7,000,000,000 fund during the first three months. About \$1,500,000 worth of aircraft was provided.

The total value of shipments for the period was \$75,000,000, but more than \$64,000,000 of this amount came out of appropriations made prior to the passage of the Lend-Lease Act, and these shipments would have presumably been sent whether the act was passed or not. Even this latter figure is very far from the \$1,300,000,000 which we were supposed to provide from existing army and navy stores. And it is still farther from the \$1,000,000,000 a month which, according to conservative estimates, we must furnish Britain if American assistance is to offset Germany's superiority in armament production plus the economic advantages Germany has gained through the conquest of Europe.

Mr. Roosevelt makes much of the fact that \$4,277,000,000 of the \$7,000,000,000 was allocated during the first seventy-four days of the Lend-Lease program. This, of course, is a commendable record. But the history of the domestic defense program has shown that there is little or no relation between allocations and production.

In part, the bad showing in shipments may be attributed to transport problems. Great Britain has too few ships to carry all the goods we should be sending. But that is obviously not the crux of the difficulty. No additional shipping would be required to transfer fifty or seventy-five destroyers to Britain. Nor would it require ships to deliver a substantial number of bombers from existing army and navy stocks. And there is nothing to stop the United States from turning over additional merchant shipping to Britain. The real difficulty obviously lies deeper. It is to be found in the opposition of army and navy bureaucrats to turning anything over to Britain which we might need ourselves. Yet even if we do get into this war within a few months, our defense production will presumably have risen by that time to really substantial proportions. Meanwhile why not do all we can to help keep England going? For months we have been operating on the assumption that this was the government's policy. If it is our policy, it is high time we began to do something about it.

St. Lawrence Power

THE most hopeful document to come out of the Office of Production Management since its establishment was Release No. 516, dated June 5. "The press reported," the release said coldly, "that Mr. C. W. Kellogg, an OPM consultant, in a speech at Buffalo on June 3, expressed the opinion that no shortage was to be expected in electric power." "This view," the announcement went on to say, "could only have been expressed by Mr. Kellogg in his individual capacity, as it does not represent the position of the Office of Production Management. The Office of Production Management is not in agreement with the views on this subject

which the press has ascribed to Mr. Kellogg. On the contrary. . . ." The contrary, as stressed in the President's farsighted message on the St. Lawrence project, is that we have a shortage of power now, that shortages in the future are likely to increase, and that we must plan for expansion of power production immediately. And the OPM has now formally indorsed the President's position by approving the St. Lawrence waterway project.

One way to facilitate expansion of power, as of other production facilities, is to place men in control who are in sympathy with such expansion and have no private interests to be served by scarcity. Mr. Kellogg, the OPM's consultant on power, is head of the Edison Electric Institute. Like most of the OPM's consultants, he represents private interests opposed to expansion and to an "all-out" effort. It is good to see him rebuked—though the rebuke came after a blistering explosion from Secretary Ickes at a press conference the day before. It would be more encouraging if Mr. Kellogg and others like him were given their dollar and requested to go home. In the field of security regulation we have begun to understand that a man cannot serve two masters, that the public is hurt when the same interests sit on both sides of the table. It is time we applied the lesson to defense. It is time we ended the custom whereby Mr. Kellogg, the OPM consultant, gravely consults with Mr. Kellogg, the head of the Edison Electric Institute, or power trust, and solemnly assures himself that there is no need for the government to expand power facilities. Too many similar "conversations" have taken place on steel, on oil, on aluminum, on railroad cars, on copper, on scrap, and on every vital defense material.

It is painful to see the attitude toward power and the St. Lawrence of newspapers like the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, which talk of the need for an "all-out" effort. "The enemies of democracy," Mr. Roosevelt said, "are developing every hydroelectric resource and every waterway from Norway to the Dardanelles. Are we to allow this continent to be outmatched because shortsighted interests oppose the development of one of our greatest resources?" The answer of the *Times* and the *Post* seems to be "Yes." Though it is proud of being a newspaper "of record," the *Times* did not see fit to print the text of the President's message and buried the story on an inside page, as though it were the annual report of the Mamaroneck City Council. Both papers brought up the usual seedy objections, plus the new one of "diverting" energies from defense. The fact is, as Mr. Roosevelt pointed out, that the erection of steam electric plants as suggested would be a far more serious diversion of facilities needed for defense. Steam power-plant equipment is a bottleneck in ship construction; we still have plenty of facilities for digging ditches—and the St. Lawrence project is a glorified ditch-digging job.

The St. Lawrence seaway is important not only from

the standpoint of power but also from that of shipbuilding. "The Great Lakes today," the President said, "hold many shipways and drydocks, as well as resources of men and materials for shipbuilding. They are bottled up because we have delayed completing the seaway. If we start the seaway now, scores of additional merchant ships may be built in coastal yards freed by transferring a portion of the longer-term naval program to the Great Lakes." Congress must decide whether it will continue to place the wishes of shortsighted power, aluminum, railroad, and port interests ahead of national defense. The question could not be put more clearly than it is by the St. Lawrence project.

Keep Cool on Labor

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

THE strikes on the West Coast may or may not have been directed from the Kremlin. I don't believe they were. The theory that Stalin was trying to improve his bargaining position with Hitler by demonstrating his ability to sabotage the American defense program seems to me far-fetched even in this fantastic mid-war year. But that theory is not necessary to explain Communist strategy in the strikes. The comrades have fish to fry nearer home than Moscow. They want, first of all, to control the unions; to strengthen their own position behind the isolationist leadership of Lewis while weakening the pro-Administration elements behind Murray and Thomas. Second, they want to sabotage defense. Opposing the whole program and the foreign policy that underlies it, they naturally intend to lay hands on the rich pickings in power and prestige offered by the defense boom, even if they slow up production in the process. Third, they want to create exactly the reaction they have created—in Congress and in the country. Anger and a blind determination to stop defense strikes at any cost are putting fresh steam behind the demand for repressive legislation. Obviously this is what the Communists need. They have argued from the start of the European struggle that "war hysteria" in the United States would bring legislation directed against labor's rights and in the end produce home-grown fascism. Now they have created the objective conditions which may prove their prophecies, and so their entire position, correct. Some elements in Congress seem determined to fall in with Communist strategy and pass just the sort of laws they are angling for.

I think the President was right to send the army to take over the North American plant. He faced a challenge that the government could not ignore. It was a revolutionary challenge. The men responsible for breaking the union's agreement to give the Mediation Board a chance to settle the dispute represented an outlaw element. If the President had not acted, they would have made good

their defiance of their own union, as well as of the government. Such a success would have ended the hope of labor-government collaboration in the defense program and at the same time dynamited the whole structure of collective bargaining, which has been built with such enormous effort during the past eight years. The President's act precipitated the struggle inside the union and gave the pro-defense, pro-democratic forces both the strength and the opportunity to gain control.

But the use of troops to break a strike is a dangerous expedient. Successful once, like a slap in the face administered to a hysteric, it would be fatal as a regular treatment. And so it is easy to understand Philip Murray's opposition to an act that temporarily strengthened his hand in the union, although it is unfortunate that he failed to temper his attack with a clear statement of labor's stake in the defense program. Murray knows how easily, in war time, the habit of violence and repression takes hold. And he knows that repression, through executive act or legislation, will promptly swing the balance the other way, bringing rank-and-file support to the anti-Administration, anti-defense elements in the union.

It has already done so. The Communists and isolationists are not stupid. Having lost one round, they seized their next chance to move into action. No sooner had Murray denounced the use of troops and the anti-strike legislation brewing in Congress, than the New York Industrial Union Council, dominated by Communists, hurried to back the C. I. O. president in his "fight against repression," and they were joined by such eminent fellow-travelers as Mike Quill of the Transport Workers and Joe Curran of the Maritime Union. This effort to haul Murray into camp probably will fail, but it may succeed in weakening his position before Congress; his excellent case will not be helped by the support of isolationists and party-liners. And, even more important, it may serve to deceive the ordinary union member into thinking that there's no real difference after all between the Murray-Thomas-Frankenstein faction and the Lewis-Communist faction—that they're all agin the government together.

Murray has repudiated the rumors of splits and declared against any attempt to start a "witch hunt" within the ranks of labor. He has opposed the deportation of Harry Bridges and has held a long, friendly conference with Joe Curran. It is clear that he hopes to subdue rather than purge the so-called "leftists" among the C. I. O. officials. And perhaps this is a statesman-like move. It is if it works; but like most measures of appeasement it may also offer his opponents a breathing-space in which to marshal their forces and carry out their tactics of penetration and confusion. It will take a master-strategist to beat them at that game.

There is only one way to straighten out this evil mess. The President and Congress must put the whole weight

of the government behind the responsible leaders in both labor organizations. Because the foreign policy of the Administration does in fact offer the only hope of a future for free organized labor, it has the support of the majority of the workers and the best of their leaders. The election showed that to be true, and every important test in the leading unions has borne it out. The Communist and other isolationist groups can do no more than cause incidental trouble—unless the government goes out of its way to build up their strength. The one thing that will make them a menace rather than a nuisance is a wave of repressive legislation. So it is up to the President and Congress to decide whether or not they will strengthen the hands of their enemies—who are also the enemies of labor itself.

It is necessary, obviously, for the government to wipe out, by whatever face-saving formula can be devised, the reckless work-or-fight order of Brigadier General Hershey. This order not only did a disservice to the army by converting the draft into a form of penal servitude. It also wiped out the right to strike through a measure hardly distinguishable from martial law. It is guaranteed to rouse the fighting resistance of all able-bodied workers and create antagonism to the government and the army where none previously existed. If the Communists and Lewisites are to be neutralized, this order will have to go.

The Connally amendment to the Selective Service Act, already passed by the Senate, seems certain to be adopted in some form. The bill does little more than provide legislative sanction for what the President did on his own executive authority in North Inglewood—take possession of vital defense plants tied up or threatened by strikes. Since he has the power in any case, adoption of the amendment serves as a sort of vote of confidence. The C. I. O. opposes the bill, as perhaps it should do on principle. But so does the National Association of Manufacturers; and Senator Vandenberg, ignoring Communist denunciation of the measure, has said that he fears it will lead to permanent nationalization, adding, "Communism undoubtedly is interested in the nationalization of industry, and this bill might unwittingly help the fifth column." Idiocy aside, the Connally amendment may prove pragmatically useful, serving as a lightning rod to head off more drastic measures. If it is adopted we must look to the Executive to display the restraint and wisdom which alone will guide the country through the industrial hazards of the next few months. The Administration must put its foot down hard on the fierce anti-labor agitation which the Communists asked for and helped to foment. And by coordinating and speeding up and extending the facilities for mediation it must attempt to settle the outstanding labor disputes before they reach the stage where another showdown with the armed forces of the country becomes necessary.

Inglewood's Backwash

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Washington, June 16

IF, AS it is perfectly reasonable to assume, the chief purpose of the subversive elements behind the recent labor upheaval was disruption, embarrassment, and confusion, it was fully attained. Production was halted. The most pro-labor President in American history was forced to use federal troops in a strike. The slow fire which Philip Murray was building under obstructionists in the C. I. O. in order to smoke them out quietly burst into a major conflagration, bringing into the open a fight for which he was not fully prepared. Congressional clamor for anti-labor legislation was reinforced. Above all, an atmosphere was created in which nearly everybody is confused, and confusion is the handiest weapon of the totalitarian technique. In the ensuing mêlée labor's legitimate rights are likely to be badly trampled on.

One story that has aroused amusement and some apprehension down here illustrates the split inside the C. I. O. When Philip Murray wrote the eighteen woodworkers' locals to accept mediation, his letter was published verbatim in newspapers throughout the country. The *C. I. O. News*, however, printed only a brief summary, and in fourteen of the sixteen editions that go to different national unions, even the summary was omitted. Len de Caux, editor of the *News* and a faithful partisan of the Communist-influenced factions, was called on the carpet to explain his irregularity. His only answer was that the Murray letter was "controversial."

But though the labor situation has become difficult and confused, some actual benefits are emerging. Wyndham Mortimer, the power behind the so-called left-wingers, was relieved of his duties in the aircraft organization drive. This move, coupled with the general conduct of the North American Aviation strike and the resulting publicity, will curtail the leftists' expected show of strength at the Automobile Workers' convention next August, and probably pave the way for a major purge of Communists in this very important defense industry. Harry Bridges, too, would probably have been fired from his post of C. I. O. director on the Pacific Coast had it not been feared that this would have a prejudicial effect upon his pending deportation case. The woodworkers' defiance of Philip Murray and the National Defense Mediation Board has completely collapsed. More than 70 per cent of the men involved in the Puget Sound strike voted over the heads of their national officers to accept Murray's recommendations, and their president,

O. M. Orton, then scurried to safety by urging upon his membership the very settlement he had earlier denounced. The efforts of Joseph Curran, head of the Maritime Union, to promote the Communist-controlled American Peace Mobilization by calling a conference of trade unionists to formulate "peace" plans have been effectively squelched. Curran even stayed away from a Peace Mobilization meeting in Washington last week where he was scheduled to be the principal speaker. Finally, events of the last fortnight are tending to crystallize John L. Lewis's position.

Expectations that Lewis might denounce the Communists and come out in support of Murray appear so far to be pure wishful thinking. They are believed to emanate from government circles, which would like to make him take a positive stand one way or the other. If he remains silent, he will leave little doubt about his position. The left-wingers have repeatedly voiced their allegiance to him rather than to Murray. His silence, therefore, will denote acceptance of their fealty and alignment with their cause. The blast against the Administration just issued by Labor's Non-Partisan League, Charlie McCarthy to Lewis's Bergen, adds further weight to this assumption. If he does take this course, the result can only be his abdication from leadership—unless, indeed, the Communist hopes materialize.

There is little doubt that leadership in the three West Coast and Cleveland die-casters' strikes came from Communist ranks. But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that in the great majority of plants collective bargaining has not broken down. For instance, in the last two months the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee negotiated 590 contracts, with only two minor stoppages, while the Automobile Workers negotiated 500 working agreements, 68 of them in aviation. The President has promised "to maintain" the social progress made in recent years and "to strengthen it." This means that collective bargaining must be safeguarded, and not merely by such lip-service as Capitol Hill has indulged in lately. It cannot be safeguarded under compulsory arbitration, and the Defense Mediation Board is rapidly being converted into an arbitration body. Compulsory arbitration might not freeze wages, although that is a conceivable possibility; it would definitely freeze organization and automatically throw the National Labor Relations Act out of the window.

[I. F. Stone, our Washington editor, is on a brief vacation.]

Hitler's Grip on Finland

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

WHAT new mischief is Hitler brewing in northern Europe? In the daily flood of rumors about German pressure on the Soviets, reports about troop movements and other military activities in Finland are becoming increasingly prominent. There have been many reports of Nazi reinforcements reaching that country, and Helsinki has become a strategic center for the "war of nerves." New travel restrictions on foreigners in the Finnish northern and border regions have been officially announced. Attempts are being made to remove women and children from Helsinki to rural districts, and a number of Finnish reservists have been called up, ostensibly to take part in summer maneuvers. In Stockholm a few days ago the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Swedish Riksdag was suddenly called into session. No explanation was given for this event, but *ex tempore* meetings of that body are usually related to important happenings in northern Europe. Any outbreak of hostilities in the Baltic would inevitably touch Sweden nearly, and if these hostilities involved Finland, as well as Russia and Germany, the Swedes would be hard put to retain their cherished neutrality.

No country in Europe has been drawn more subtly into the Axis orbit than Finland, although it is not yet, in the strict sense of the word, an occupied country. Finland has not been invaded, like two of its neighbors, by the Nazi armies, nor has it, like several Central European and Balkan states, placed itself officially under German protection. Any Nazi forces in Finland at present—no less than five divisions are there according to latest reports—are "in transit" or "on leave."

Following the example of Sweden, which in June of last year authorized the passage of German troops and war material through its territory, Finland announced on September 24 that it had signed an agreement with Germany permitting the transport to and from Norway of German soldiers "on leave" and of supplies. Shortly afterward German troopships began bringing uniformed—but, it was officially claimed, unarmed—soldiers into Finland's principal Bothnian seaports—Turku (Åbo), Vaasa, Oulu, Kemi, and Tornio; and German engineers went to work on the strategic highway which links the Gulf of Bothnia and the Arctic Ocean by way of Rovaniemi. Some of these troops may have actually proceeded to northern Norway, where the Nazis are busy making real strongholds out of the former Norwegian garrison town of Kirkenes and the ancient, half-decayed Fort Vardöhus on the Varangerfjord, but by far the larger part stayed in Finland over the winter. A few weeks ago

this virtual army of occupation was greatly reinforced by the arrival at Turku of a fresh contingent of 12,000 German soldiers with armored cars, tanks, and other heavy equipment. The Finnish and German governments subsequently denied or minimized the news of these troop movements, but of course such denials need not be taken at their face value. They are a routine matter in connection with military moves.

Just what is the Nazi game in Finland? Everything Germany did or is doing in Norway and Denmark could be explained by the necessity of guarding against some alleged British plan. But the Petsamo district on Finland's narrow strip of Arctic coastline and the adjoining Norwegian Finmark, split at its northeastern tip by the Varangerfjord, are wholly outside British influence—at least at the present stage of the conflict. Yet this region is just now the scene of intense military preparations.

Undoubtedly the country really threatened by the German military dispositions in the extreme north of Europe is the Soviet Union. This is not to say that the long-awaited clash between Hitler and Stalin is imminent, but rather that the Nazis have so successfully maneuvered that they can now use a squeeze play against Russia as effectively as against Vichy or Franco. The five Nazi divisions in Finland, with the twenty to twenty-five divisions lined up along the Rumanian border and an unknown but surely considerable German force strung across Poland to the tip of East Prussia, form an effective thumbscrew with which to extort more and more concessions from Moscow. Altogether, according to John T. Whitaker, writing in the *New York Post* for June 4, Germany has some 2,000,000 men on the Russian frontier.

Should Stalin prove uncooperative, it does not follow necessarily that this huge striking force would be employed in a direct attack on Russia. There are many indications that Germany, instead of engaging the Soviet Union in open hostilities, plans a war by proxy, using as its tools Finland and possibly Sweden in the north and Rumania in the south. Finland is still smarting under the hard Peace of Moscow (March 12, 1940), by which large chunks of Finnish territory were incorporated in the Soviet state. In spite of its economic and financial difficulties, practically the entire nation has set its heart on recovery of the lost territory. And German propagandists, always alert to seize an opportunity, have not been slow in exploiting this sentiment to the full. Though Germany's attitude at the time made it possible for Russia to defeat Finland, Nazi agents now promise to obtain for the Finns restitution of all lost territory, and even more.

The Nazis in Finland are old hands at this game. Two years ago—in fact, right up to the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact in August, 1939—they were cooperating closely with Finnish nationalist circles, to whom they promised Russian Karelia and Ingermanland. Finnish chauvinist organizations like the *Isänmaallinen Kansan Liike* (I. K. L.) (People's Patriotic Movement) and the Karelian Academic Society (A. K. S.) fanned the flames of anti-Russian feeling and thereby gave at least some color to the Soviet charges that preceded the war. According to latest reports from Finland, these organizations, which were temporarily suspended in 1939 because of their avowedly fascist tendencies, are now becoming active again. Both the fascist *Ajan Suunta* and the chief conservative organ, the *Uusi Suomi*, have been violently irredentist of late, and Russian reprisals would surely have followed if so many Nazi troops had not happened to be "in transit" in the country.

An interesting sidelight on the headway already made by this new Axis drive in Finland is provided by recent reports from Helsinki that Eljas Erkko, who was Foreign Minister at the beginning of the Russo-Finnish War, and Marshal Mannerheim, who was commander-in-chief, are among the sponsors of the new Party of National Union, of which the I. K. L. and A. K. S. form the backbone. Both these men have long been considered pro-British,

and Erkko was reputed to be a sincere democrat, but they have obviously been bitterly disappointed by the course of events and are now seeking Germany's, instead of Britain's, support for a war against Russia.

In Sweden these developments have caused great uneasiness, for if Finland, with open or under-cover backing from Germany, went to war against Russia, Sweden too would almost certainly be drawn into the conflict. Since Swedish policy, as past events have clearly shown, is primarily to "keep out of war at all costs," much disapproval has been expressed of the aggressive tone adopted by Finnish newspapers in recent months. In the latter half of April the press of the two countries indulged in a long-drawn-out controversy, described by one Finnish paper as "a duel in the dark." Both sides were, in truth, almost completely in the dark about the main issue—whether, when, and where Germany intends to strike at the Soviet Union.

It was primarily for the purpose of working out a common Finnish-Swedish policy with regard to Germany and Russia that Sweden's Foreign Minister, Christian Günther, went to Helsinki on May 6 to see the Finnish Foreign Minister, Rolf Witting. We shall probably know before long how well he succeeded in his attempt to convince the Finnish government that the time has not yet come to try to recover Finland's lost territories.

To the Class of '41

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

[This article is an abbreviated version of the Commencement address delivered by Mr. MacLeish at Union College on June 7.]

COLLEGE classes are remembered through the brief periods of college history for one characteristic or another—the largest or the brightest or the tallest or the wildest or the luckiest or whatever. Your class, not here only but throughout the United States, will be remembered as the most talked-at class since the first divinity student said goodbye to the last cow in the Harvard cow yard and headed west to Watertown to convert the Indians. I have no doubt that you are thoroughly sick of the whole business—the talk and the talkers and even of yourselves as the objects of talk. A satisfactory Commencement to most of you would be a Commencement without words at all and certainly without words directed at the opinions, orthodox or otherwise, of the graduating class.

You will not have, I am afraid, a satisfactory Commencement. Here or anywhere. And for a reason which relates not to the motives of those who have been invited

to speak to you but to very different considerations. Neither you nor they can avoid the discussion of your opinions because, of all opinions of which men can think or speak, yours are most immediately significant. The debate which has been going forward over the past twelve months between members of your generation and members of mine is not a frivolous debate, nor is the attempt to define or to modify your views a gratuitous and impertinent interference with matters private to yourselves. Whether the contestants realize it or not, they are engaged in a struggle as important to the outcome of this war as any other—perhaps more important. For in a sense which is not at all figurative you are the principal battleground of this war—you, the young men and young women of every country, and particularly of this.

There are some among you who, thinking of 1914 and of 1860 and of other years, claim special consideration for your opinions because, you say, you will do the fighting in this war if there is fighting to be done. Men of your generation will not fight this war any more than old men and women and children will fight it: the ex-

perience of England would seem to show that you may fight it even less. But the opinions, the beliefs of young men and young women have nevertheless an importance in this war which it would be impossible to exaggerate. We speak most frequently in geographic terms when we speak of the war. But even the enormous titles of geography and war are smaller than the truth. For the true battleground is not an extent of land at all or even an ocean or a sea. It is larger still. It is the minds of the young men.

It is the minds of the young men not in poetic metaphor but in the most precise and literal truth. The Nazis may win all the battles of geography—they may defeat all their enemies and subdue the continent of Europe as they have now subdued the greater part of that continent, they may win the Battle of Africa, the Battle of Asia, even the Battle of the Atlantic—but they will not have won the war unless and until they have persuaded the minds of millions of the young to accept the kind of world they propose to create.

They know this well enough. Their first effort in every country they have conquered has been to win the minds of the young men and the young women to their cause—to persuade the young men and the young women of Denmark and Norway and Holland and Belgium and France that democracy is corrupt, fat, decadent, and dying; that only discipline and blind obedience to the Nazi will can give the young men jobs again and the young women marriages and children. You cannot combine millions of human beings in a going and effective economic system coordinated for industrial production on the modern scale by billeting troops in their towns or by lodging secret police in their homes or even by torturing those who resist and shooting their relatives. To win the war as the Nazis mean to win it they must not merely destroy the cities of those who fight back and cripple their children with bombs and liquidate their writers and their teachers in the cellars of warehouses and send their scientists and their preachers to rot behind barbed wire. To win the war they must win the minds of whole populations of human beings, and particularly of the young among those populations, to affirmative co-operation in a "New Order" of which the fascist slogan is the perfect description: "Believe, obey, fight."

But the same necessity compels those also who are determined to resist the establishment of such a system. They too must win the battle of men's minds. They must first of all bring millions of men to desire to resist a danger which is not real to most of them until it can no longer be resisted—men who hate war as all sane and serious human beings hate war, men who have, or think they have, nothing of their own to fight for, men who wish only to be left alone, to be passed by, to be forgotten. They must bring millions of such men to *see* the things they look at, to listen to the sounds they hear,

to understand that these horrors of which they read, of which they speak, are actual horrors. They must bring millions of such men to understand with the final shock of personal understanding that in this war it is not possible for any man, no matter how anonymous, no matter how indifferent, no matter how small, to be passed by; that the outcome of this war will affect every man whatever his wishes; that "no personal significance or insignificance will spare one or another of us."

But even this necessity is only the beginning of the necessities which drive those who understand what Nazism is and who propose to resist it and to persuade others to resist it while they still can. They must not only win this preliminary battle, they must not only persuade men who are not yet slaves to resist slavery, but they also—they as much as the Nazis—must win the remainder of the fight. They too must persuade men's minds to accept an organization of life—and not only to accept it but to affirm it as a man affirms a cause in which he believes and has faith. They must bring men to believe in the possibility of the organization of men's lives by the instruments of freedom for freedom as an end.

There are two reasons why they must persuade men's minds of this: first, they, no more than the Nazis, will have won the war if they do no more than destroy the Nazi weapons and break the power of the Nazi dictators. To do that much is to win a tremendous victory and yet to win nothing, for Nazism is not Hitler but an evil with a long and bloody past. That is the first reason. The second is this: that unless the partisans of freedom persuade men's minds to accept as their own the cause of freedom, they will not even win the fruitless, the negative preliminary victory against armies and machines. For unless they can persuade men's minds of this, they will oppose to the disciplined and propagandized and indoctrinated armies of the fascists—soldiers educated to believe the fascist lie of force—an army altogether lacking in any affirmative belief, an army prepared only to resist and hence half defeated from the start.

This, then, is the real battle of this war—the battle fought upon that darkling plain of the human spirit of which Arnold wrote—the battle of which you and millions like you are the field. It is a battle fought not with bombs or guns or ships, although bombs and guns and ships play their real and terrible part. It is a battle fought with words—words which also are realities and can be terrible. It is a decisive battle, upon the outcome of which the future of the world does truly depend.

But it is not only because this battle must be fought that men of my generation have busied themselves so long and so insistently with your opinions. There is another reason also—a reason which your elders do not perhaps admit to themselves or altogether realize but which is nevertheless a continuing presence in their thoughts. The reason is that this battle for your minds is

one which may very possibly be lost—and lost because your minds, however your wishes or your wills may stand, are tipped against us. The reason is that in this battle, as in the European battle of armies, those to whom we are opposed have the advantage of weapons and of time and of position. And in this battle as in that, the advantage is one for which we ourselves must take responsibility. Your minds, as those who taught you have now come to see, are more open to the persuasion of the enemies of freedom than to the persuasion of the partisans of freedom. It is because we have ourselves prepared our own danger that we turn on you in whom the danger lies. It is because we now see that we have deprived ourselves in you of a power of words which should have been ours, and have armed our enemies in you with weapons of words which are already turned against us, that we have plagued you as we have.

What we are coming now to see is this: that the weapons of words are of two kinds in this fighting. A bomb is a bomb no matter who drops it or on whom—the Nazis on the English or the English on the Nazis. It falls, it explodes, it kills, regardless of the sender and regardless of the target. But words in this war are not equal words. The words which the Nazis can use as weapons against us are not the words we can use as weapons against them. The enemies of freedom, whose cause is not an affirmation but a denial, can use as weapons only the words which will destroy hope, which will corrupt belief, which will poison the confidence of men in their own dignity. But the partisans of freedom, because they are partisans of freedom, because their cause is the reaffirmation of belief in common men, can use as weapons only those words which can create and re-create the self-respect of men, the confidence of men in their own worth and their own power, their belief in themselves and in the life they can build together.

The weapons of the Nazis, the weapons they use with the populations they have subdued by force of arms but must convince to conquer, the weapons they use with the populations of more distant countries whom they wish to paralyze with doubt and fear until their own time comes—their weapons are what we know: the words powerful in destruction, powerful in negation, powerful in doubt. They are the words which define democracy in such a way as to destroy all faith in democracy; the words which shake belief in liberty, in freedom, in free-will, in self-government; which debunk, discredit; words, in short, skilfully chosen to drive their listeners, disillusioned and disgusted with themselves and every man, into the iron arms of discipline and obedience and slavery, not out of love of discipline and slavery, but out of disillusion and contempt for other orders of the world.

And for the same reason the weapons of those who oppose fascism and who would bring against it the affirmative passion for freedom in a free man's world are

the candid and believing words which say that men have dignity, that men have value, that all men are created free and equal, that the earth, as Jefferson said also, belongs to the living generation. Their words are the words used not to deny but to assert, not to obscure but to clarify, not to destroy credit but to create credit, not to corrupt belief but to create belief. They are the words of the great hopes, the recurring dreams, the indestructible declarations.

It is this difference in the use of words as weapons which men of my generation have come to see and understand in the years since Spain, the years since Austria, since Bohemia and Poland and Norway and Holland and France. We have come to understand also the advantage in this battle of words which we have ourselves prepared for those who attack us. The advantage is this: that in the field of your opinion, the field in which this battle must be fought, the negative words, the questioning words, which serve our enemies for weapons are superior to the words of affirmation which serve us. The advantage is that the generation to which you belong has been prepared by education and experience to respond more readily to the use of language to question and to disabuse and to breed doubt than to the use of language to declare and to affirm. Your instinctive loyalties altogether apart, you have been taught by us and by your experience of a world for which we are responsible, that the great declarations of human hope and human faith and human idealism are far more likely to be false than true and that the part of wisdom is to question first and afterward still to question.

It is the fact of this advantage which stands at the heart of the long controversy over your beliefs. The question is not now and never was a question of your courage, physical or moral. Neither is the question a question of the seriousness with which you have faced the issue of your time. You have faced it far more seriously than my generation faced the issue of 1917. The real question is that posed by your predisposition to give validity and weight to the words of doubt and of discredit rather than to the words of affirmation and belief. It is because the men and women of your generation have been trained to suspect that all the affirmations of belief and faith are propaganda, not realizing that the unquestioned suspicion is itself a propaganda of formidable strength; it is because your disposition to reject the one and accept the other has encouraged you to accept the words in which the case for fascism can be presented and to reject the words in which alone the case for freedom can be made.

But if the actual issue is so defined, the resolution of this long debate should not be difficult. The central issue will remain until the outcome of the battle for men's minds has been determined, but the responsibilities can be assigned. It is we, certainly, as the generation charged

with the government of this country and the education of those younger than ourselves, who are responsible for the predispositions of your minds.

It is our fault and only ours if the most highly educated of our young men and women have developed over the past decade and a half a suspicion of words, an automatic distrust of declarations of belief, an equally automatic distrust of eloquence, of emotion, a fear of being moved, of being persuaded, which becomes in its extreme form a kind of gullibility in reverse—a simple-minded gullibility which assumes as a matter of course that all the gold is brick, that all the appearances are false, that all the virtues are hypocrisies, that there is an inside story to all stories, that there is a lowdown to everything, and that the only wisdom is to be wise not as the great were wise but as the wisecrack is “wise”—as the tough kids are “wise” at the drugstore corner.

The responsibility for all this is our responsibility, but there is another responsibility which is yours. We cannot ask you to believe, by an effort of will, in the possibility of an organization of the world for freedom through the instruments of freedom. But what we can ask you to do is to face the question of belief as fairly as the world we have made and the education we have given you will let you; to be no more afraid to confess belief than you are to admit doubt; to be as trustful of passion and emotion as of skepticism and emotional impotence

—even when emotional impotence describes itself as scientific doubt.

Maintain if you will the attitude of the objective searcher after truth in which you have been trained, but refuse to let that attitude betray you into credulous acceptance of all doubters. Put us both on trial for our truth and for our lives—we who have failed to create a true democracy in this country or in the world and these others who now offer you obedience and discipline instead; we who have created for you a society, an economic order, which neither you nor we can take much pride in and these others who would give you in its place a different order made by the police. Put us both on trial and choose between us, but remember, as you choose, the choice you make is for yourselves.

What we can demand of you, and what you can demand with even greater authority of yourselves, is that you put off the irresponsibility you have learned from us, the irresponsibility of those who wear suspicion as an armor and doubt as a disguise—those who evade their time by hiding in the cotton wool of doubt and skepticism and refusal. What you can demand with honor of yourselves is this: that you accept the issue history has forced upon you and that you come to your decision on that issue, not by default and not by refusal, but in the full responsible determination to decide your future for yourselves. More than that, no man can ask.

Le Deuxième Gestapo

BY CARLO A PRATO

THE Vichy government and the Axis powers are collaborating in many ways, but none is more shameful than their joint effort to round up and destroy the refugee anti-fascists now on French soil. Many thousand men and women who in the past several years fled from Nazi oppression and were subsequently hounded by the French police now face a combination of the Gestapo, the Italian Ovra, the Franco police, and the French gendarmerie, all working in harmony, exchanging records and supplementing each other's activities, in order to wipe off the face of Europe the most outspoken enemies of the New Order. As a political refugee who arrived in America less than a month ago, I know from personal experience that this cooperation exists. Moreover, I have had access to a number of documents emanating from high officials of the Vichy government. Both my experience and the official record expose the nature and extent of the collaboration. This is a side of Vichy-Axis relations largely ignored by both the French people and the outside world, since it has

not been written into any of the published agreements.

At the beginning of the year pressure was exerted on Vichy by Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco to “reorganize” the French military-intelligence section, known as the Deuxième Bureau, and the local police forces. Reorganization is, of course, a euphemism for the process of installing fascists and their sympathizers in posts from which they can enforce Hitler's wishes. That the Deuxième Bureau had been well coordinated by Marshal Pétain even before then is established by the part it played in the dismissal of Pierre Laval on December 13, 1940. Evidence placed before M. Henri Peyrouton by the Deuxième Bureau is believed throughout France to have led to the government's expulsion of Laval. That was Vichy's last action with any semblance of independence. After Darlan and Pétain put France completely at the mercy of the Nazis, it was not difficult to take the last short steps toward full Nazi “reorganization” of the police and secret service.

On his first trip to Paris as Vice-Premier, Darlan was presented by the German authorities with a formal re-

quest for a new "agreement of collaboration." The purpose of the agreement was chiefly to enlist the cooperation of police authorities in obtaining the delivery or extradition of German refugees living in the unoccupied zone and in North Africa. Darlan assented, and the agreement was put into effect on January 27. Early in February the Germans gave Vichy several long lists of persons they wanted. Some of these were men and women whose whereabouts was known to the Gestapo; others were left to Vichy to locate within seven days.

Vichy's secret agents worked diligently at the complicated task set them by the Nazis, but they were not able to finish within the specified time. The Germans thereupon presented two new lists on March 10. The names were the same, but to them were added many of the Gestapo's own data and, more significant, the names of French inspectors who were to be held personally responsible for the apprehension of particular groups of refugees. If any were unsuccessful, there was a provision that they should be discharged and punished by Darlan.

Refugees whose addresses were known to the Gestapo were to be rounded up by March 14; those not yet located were to be turned over to the Nazis by the eighteenth. Darlan immediately divided the work among the deputies named by the Germans. One document in my possession reads in part:

The French commissioner Betz must be personally responsible for the following persons: Ettingaus, former German deputy, probably in the Marseilles-Nice region; Grunow, former member of the Schwarze Front and aide of Otto Strasser; Guibarty, Hungarian who worked with the German Social Democrats; Felzenstein, Austrian Socialist; Frl. Helen Loeffel; Alfred Kuntz; Joseph Braun, former German deputy; Deutsch, Austrian Socialist [who is known, by the way, not to be in France].

Another runs as follows:

The French commissioner Chanzy is in charge of Friedrich Muller, Karl Blumer, Johann Herner, Gustav Segesser, Heinrich Kessler, H. Joss, M. Struder, H. Weiss, M. Rosenfeld, Al. Kahn. Commissioner Wilhelm is responsible for Maslov, a Communist deputy; K. Hurlimann, M. Mogouilski, Klara Wolff, Dr. E. or F. Frey. Commissioner Crespit is responsible for Frl. R. Fischer, Dr. Katz, Walter Delang. Commissioner Baillaux is responsible for F. Gerry or Geery, Joseph Oser, Michael Katz, Frl. Fr. Gugelstein.

Reproduction of these lists can do no harm since they came originally from the French and German authorities. Whether or not all the persons they name were delivered to the Germans on time I do not know, for I left France too soon to find out.

These, naturally, are only a random and hasty sampling of the names listed in the hunt for 30,000 refugees. Hundreds of other lists have been handed out since I left

and undoubtedly will continue to be for months to come. Each case is not only an unimaginable personal tragedy for the hunted but evidence of the debasing compliance of the Vichy government. On February 24, for



Admiral Darlan

example, an Austrian Socialist named Hertzfeld, having been caught by the police, killed himself before they had a chance to deliver him to the Nazis. At the time he was in a concentration camp in occupied territory—at Moulins, in Barracks No. 4. Vichy was so frightened by what it imagined the Nazi

reaction would be that it not only officially disclaimed responsibility for the suicide but announced at once that it would turn over the corpse to the Nazis. The Nazis cremated the body and sent the ashes to the man's family in Austria, with word that he had died from unknown causes in France.

At about this time the Germans served General Huntziger with a request for collaboration that went far beyond the agreement signed by Darlan in January. It demanded that the French accept the assistance of the Nazis in reorganizing the Deuxième Bureau not only for dealing with refugees but for handling other matters. This makes it incumbent upon French police and intelligence officers to report to the Germans whatever they can learn of British movements in both the occupied and the unoccupied zone, and to report on American consular and diplomatic activities throughout France. Darlan again consented, although General Huntziger, who was first approached, was hesitant. Pétain intervened, however, and over his name a statement went out ordering the Deuxième Bureau to "cooperate fully with German authorities in order to crush all British activity in France and North Africa." Pétain having approved, Huntziger added on his own account an order to watch Alsatians and Lorrainers who might fail to cooperate with the Germans or even instigate an opposition movement.

Vichy is cooperating with Mussolini and the Ovra as effectively, if not as extensively, as with Hitler and the Gestapo. At the beginning the Gestapo took care of those the Ovra wanted. Surprised by the sudden defeat of France, many well-known Italian anti-Fascists were unable to escape and were immediately seized and returned to Italy. A few of them, Communists who agreed to work with Doriot and other fascists, were released, but Italians are constantly being sent across the frontier.

Some of the better known among these are the former trade unionist, deputy, and secretary general of the *Confederazione Generale del Lavoro*, Bruno Buozzi; the former leader of the extreme wing of the *Partito Popolare*, Guido Miglioli; and Signora Berneri, the wife of a well-known theoretical Anarchist who was shot in Barcelona at the time of the Anarchist uprising.

With the Ovra fully installed for operations in France and Darlan's Montpellier agreement with Serrano Suñer

signed and sealed—forcing back across the Pyrenees thousands of Spanish Republicans who had expected to go to Mexico—the problem of the refugees will become even more difficult. They have long known hardship and death, however, and the story of Pétain's and Darlan's cooperation with the police of the Axis shocks one not so much because it intensifies the predicament of the anti-fascists as because it reveals the thoroughgoing degradation of a once noble republic.

Lone Star Razzle Dazzle

BY ROLAND YOUNG

THE current election campaign in Texas to fill the late Morris Sheppard's seat in the United States Senate contains so many elements of the ridiculous that at times it is difficult to take it seriously. Yet in some aspects it is typical of our political life. The buffoonery of the occasion derives from the number of marginal political characters who have entered the race and the peculiar manner in which they appeal to the electorate. The name of any person who has filed in time and paid the dollar fee will appear on the ballot on June 28. There have been no party nominations, no primaries, and no run-offs in this special election; the candidate who gets the most votes wins.

Of the twenty-nine aspirants one is a Communist, two are Republicans, and twenty-six are Democrats paying various sorts of lip-service to President Roosevelt. Their assorted biographies and platforms make entertaining reading, the platforms in general expressing the candidate's own views rather than those of a specific minority group. One man wants to make the Trinity River navigable; another wants a five-ocean navy; a third wants us to enter the war at once; a fourth (now withdrawn) offered a free mattress to the largest poll-tax-paying family appearing at his rallies; a fifth campaigns with a hill-billy band; a sixth is a perennial candidate who assures the electorate daily that he will fight it out to the end; a seventh has carefully calculated that he will finish seventh; an eighth is for prohibition; and so it goes. The four most important are Governor W. Lee O'Daniel, Attorney General Gerald Mann, Representative Martin Dies, and Representative Lyndon Johnson.

In a contest of personalities O'Daniel might well prove the winner, and to save Texas from this self-made charlatan, Johnson, who is President Roosevelt's only 100 per cent supporter, needs to clarify the political issues—other than the defense program, which all the Big Four support. This he is doing very rapidly. In one sense, the Roosevelt leadership is the issue, with Johnson boldly up-

holding the President's program, just as he has supported it for four years as a member of Congress. The issue is also decent representation against demagoguery, for O'Daniel is one of the most ambitious and persuasive politicians in the country. Johnson not only has the best chance to beat O'Daniel, but he is by far the best man in the race, and in the most recent public-opinion poll in Texas he led the field. O'Daniel, however, is still the psychological favorite, for his two razzle-dazzle campaigns for governor stunned the state into believing him an unbeatable miracle man. "Pappy's going to win," many say, "but I'm not for him." "Pappy" received his title from his incredible campaign slogan in 1938, "Pass the biscuits, Pappy."

Until the summer of 1938 O'Daniel was a successful Fort Worth flour salesman who used the radio and a hill-billy band to popularize himself and his wares. That summer he decided somewhat tardily to run for governor, and so spectacular was his campaign, so large the following he had built up by his years of crooning, that he received a majority over all other candidates in the first primary. And this in spite of the fact that he was ineligible to vote because of non-payment of his poll tax; that his political affiliations were far from clear; and that his political beliefs—except on the question of old-age pensions—were unstated. It is not this record, however, which makes O'Daniel a man to keep out of the Senate. It is rather the fact that his political beliefs have turned out to be reactionary, that he mixes politics and religion in a nauseating manner, that he belittles democratic institutions, and that he can seduce the underprivileged into voting for him. O'Daniel's backing comes largely from two groups of citizens: first, a few wealthy Texans, such as Jim West, the publisher of the *Austin Tribune*; Hal Collins, the Crazy Water Crystals promoter; and E. B. Germany, the leader of the Garner-for-President movement; and, second, a great number of poor people to whom O'Daniel has promised pensions

and who believe he is protecting them from crooked politicians.

O'Daniel has outdone any politician extant in personalizing his office by talking to the people every day over the radio. On week days the Governor speaks at noon, just as he formerly did when selling Light Crust and Hill Billy flour, and on Sundays at six in the morning. That he uses the religious appeal for partisan ends is a charge, I believe, that can be fairly made. Ostensibly, he speaks for no particular belief, and at the end of his little sermonette on Sunday mornings he admonishes all listeners to go to the church of their choice. His Sunday talks, however, show that Pappy has much more on his mind on a Sabbath morning than communion with God. He has even identified a landlord's eviction of a tenant with the laws of God. "The main thing that counts," he once said, "is the manner in which we each respect and obey the laws laid down by the Maker of this world and everything in it, including us. God's rules of occupancy of space in this world by man are so perfect that our landlords pattern after Him. If a tenant does not comply with the rules of the landlord, he soon gets put out."

Another device of O'Daniel's is his pretension that he alone represents the people and that all other democratically elected officers are ganging up on him. "It seems that they don't care which one of the other candidates gets elected," says Pappy, feeling mighty persecuted, "just so it isn't me. You, friends, will recall how that was the same situation when I ran for governor. They were for any candidate in the race except O'Daniel." He promises, moreover, to expose what is going on in Washington. "They do a lot of talking about wanting trained and experienced men to go to Washington," he says. "That's right. They want them trained and experienced, but how? Trained to work with their gang, because they might get a good, capable, honest common citizen up there who would not be one of the gang, and he might find out the truth about what is going on in this circle of petty politicians and get right up on the radio at Washington and tell the common citizens back home all about their tricks."

Fortunately, the chances are extremely good that for all his quackery—or, perhaps, because of it—O'Daniel will be licked. His scheduled opening address in Waco on June 2 went very sour. Shortly before he began to speak, it began to pour. Though the crowd had gathered in what looked like clear weather, it numbered only about 2,500 instead of the expected 25,000—the number that had attended the Governor's opening campaign addresses in Waco in 1938 and 1940. Pappy was so flustered by the smallness of the crowd and the rain that he canceled all speeches for the remainder of the week.

Martin Dies has the largest national reputation of the Big Four, but his campaign does not seem to be clicking, and the chances are that he will run third or fourth.

Dies, as would be expected, is conducting a super-patriotic campaign, wrapping the flag around him whenever he speaks. He recently addressed the mothers of Dallas on communism in the American Youth Congress. He has no state organization and apparently relies on his reputation as a spy-hunter, plus the activity of his committee in Washington, to put him across.

The thirty-four-year-old Gerald Mann, a famous forward passer for the Southern Methodist University Mustangs in the 1920's, now Attorney General of the state, is aggressive, ambitious, and well-liked, but it is difficult to associate him with any particular political belief. To get the Dies vote, he advocates more FBI investigations; to get the vote of the soldiers' families, he advocates \$40 a month for draftees; to get the O'Daniel vote, he carries a Bible, which he occasionally thumps for effect; and to get the Johnson vote, he says that he sent a wire of congratulations to Franklin Roosevelt after the Chicago Democratic convention. Because he follows rather than leads and remains apparently indifferent to the great changes overtaking the country, he makes little real appeal. For instance, when all America was tingling with the question of Willkie or Roosevelt, when the issue of defense was as plain as it is now, and when the New Deal was threatened, Mann remained disgracefully silent. However, despite his agility with the soft-pedal, he is vastly to be preferred to Dies or O'Daniel.

The fourth candidate, Lyndon B. Johnson, is recommended not only by the weaknesses of his opponents—the buffoonery of O'Daniel, the flag-waving of Dies, the indecision of Mann—but by many positive characteristics of his own. He is not as well known nationally as he should be, but he is one of the most promising of the young New Deal politicians. He is convinced and he has convinced his constituents that the New Deal reforms mean a better life. Although he does not have the reputation of baiting the power trust, he is one of the strongest backers of the rural-electrification program in Congress, and every farm in his district now has access to electricity. Johnson was elected to Congress from the Austin district in 1937 to succeed the late James P. Buchanan and reelected without opposition in 1938 and 1940. He demonstrated his political courage in his first campaign when he ran on a platform of all-out support for President Roosevelt—this in the year of the court-reorganization plan and the Great Hate. Before this Johnson had been NYA administrator in Texas and before that secretary to Congressman Kleberg. In Congress Johnson voted for the repeal of the embargo act and has of course supported all latter-day defense measures. He has disagreed with the Administration but once, I believe—when he voted to continue a low interest rate on farm loans.

The President is of course vitally interested in the Texas campaign. Alsop and Kintner have reported that he persuaded Johnson to run, though Johnson pleaded

ill health (infected tonsils) and lack of money. Without presuming to tell Texas for whom it should vote, the President has pretty clearly indicated the confidence he places in Johnson. Johnson announced his Senatorial aspirations from the White House steps and later that day was referred to by the President as his "old, old friend." Roosevelt wired Johnson after signing the farm-parity bill, because, as he said, he knew of Johnson's great interest in the measure. The close parallelism between Johnson's Fort Worth speech of May 23 calling for the declaration of an unlimited national emergency and the President's speech on May 27 might be more than a coincidence. Also, on June 5 the President wrote Johnson that he favored a federal old-age pension plan, and reminded him—and the Texas voters—that the two had talked the matter over before, that their ideas were substantially incorporated in the Democratic platform, and that Franklin D. wanted Lyndon B. to drop in after election to talk the matter over. If Johnson is elected despite all the demagoguery and folderol of the campaign, America can breathe more freely.

Crete

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

The centuries collapse.

Backed by the timeless sun
Dive-bombers scream above Cnossus:
Ida's shadow falls upon squat tanks
Where came the Achaean and the Dorian
To tread the hundred cities into shards.

Lift up your eyes, Pythian Apollo,
You of Gortyna:
See how they bloom and blossom in the sky,
Swift-dropping flowers,
Men breaking from the stems,
Living for death,
Born and air-borne to kill and die
Where Minos sired by Zeus
Set firm his throne upon the fluent sea:
Where from the maze, with wax and feathers,
Son and father soared.

Now deep with Icarus the cruisers lie.

Deep, deep.

Deep temples have been raised to light,
And palaces: but there are deeper still:
Yet not so deep but that this latest dust
Will sift and sink and find them
And commingle.

In the Wind

THE SPLIT IN THE C. I. O. that has been awaited ever since the Nazi-Soviet pact is close at hand. Not only have several top labor leaders expressed their dissatisfaction with their pro-Communist colleagues, in many cases for the first time, but the Communists themselves are now publicly attacking Philip Murray, last fall's compromise candidate for C. I. O. president. Attempts may be made to forestall the eruption, such as Richard Frankenstein's statement in support of Harry Bridges, but most observers believe that the main initiative from now on will come from the Stalinists. It is also believed that when the showdown comes, some leaders identified with the party line will elect to stay with their unions rather than their political associates.

AT A DINNER in Washington recently Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi, with whom Representative Michael Edelstein took issue just before the New York Congressman's death, spoke of a legislative battle he has been waging. "I had a grand ideal," he said, "and I pursued it to its ultimatum."

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE: A War Department release has gone out to government employees recommending a new semi-official toast and salutation. It is "Keep 'em flying," and the suggestion is that it be used in place of "Prosit," "Down the hatch," and "Here's mud in your eye."

KEN CROSSEN, a well-known pulp writer, was scheduled to speak at the League of American Writers Congress held last week in New York. His subject was to be New Heroes in the Pulp Field. Crossen never showed up. A reasonable assumption is that his absence was connected with the hero through whom Crossen makes his living—the Green Lama, who fights and foils Communists to the delight of the readers of *Double Detective Magazine*.

A MOVIE SHORT called "God Bless America," which gives the text and illustrates it, flashes a picture of Wall Street along with the words "my home, sweet home."

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is said to be considering a well-known liberal publicist as a possible successor to Lawrence Steinhardt as ambassador to the Soviet Union.

THE CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH FEDERATION has protested against the action of libraries in Toronto and Ottawa in removing from their shelves and destroying books by and about ex-Colonel Lindbergh. It has also taken issue with the plan to hold a public burning of Lindbergh's books in connection with the launching of the Victory Loan campaign.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The Smearing of U. S. 1

THE gasless Sundays have not begun yet, and here it is summer and the time of the wheels on the roads. Some suggest that, until Mr. Ickes as oil dictator says otherwise, there will be more riding than ever on the three million miles of American roads. They are not talking simply about the owners of new cars bought with the wages of new defense jobs. Those Americans, they say, who once crowded the ships which sailed to the Ritz bar in Paris and the cathedrals in Italy will now perforce look at America. I am glad to learn that indignation persists about some aspects of the scene.

U. S. 1 is not the only road, and Struthers Burt, the author who was born on one part of it and winters on another, is not the only man concerned about it, but I am glad this summer that he is mad about the sleazy shacks of the roadside salesmen and the signboards of the big corporations which are planted almost in a procession along this No. 1 American road. Not only was it the first road across the colonies; it still runs in primary importance from the Canadian border to Key West. The founding fathers forded the creeks it crossed, and the people they made the republic for go like hell on it beside signs big enough to be read at sixty miles an hour.

Kenneth Roberts, who, as novelist, does not think so much of the Founding Fathers, lives close to it, too. I have no direct information about him, but I hope he too is still angry 900 miles up the same road from Mr. Burt's place in the South. Three years ago he spoke of the unsightly nests of tourist camps in his state, which, he said, huddled in the fields as though some debauched summer hotel, on the loose, had paused on a dark night and given birth to the result of a misalliance with a sentry box.

Mr. Burt is still blasting about his part of the road: "The state is making a fool of itself where its highways are concerned. Tourists are talking about it. Furthermore, in the present mood of the public, nonsensical desecration of assets such as our highways is becoming increasingly hard to bear."

I hope there is something in Mr. Burt's faith in this present mood. Coupled with the present riding, it might do something about improving the appearance of America. I am not sure I entirely agree with Mr. Burt or with some others who have ideas about our highways. As a traveler I am not fond of roads which, in effect, hide the

country by a formal beautification of it. I like to go by America—the factory as well as the farm, even the slum as well as the suburb. But I am with him "all out" in protest against the very specialized smearing which makes our highways look like nothing but our sign-lined highways, cheap, confusing, almost contemptuous of the enjoyment of the very travelers they pretend to serve.

The crimes against U. S. 1 can also be found in California and Texas, but the cheap corruption of this route runs from Fort Kent into Florida. Mr. Roberts once made a sort of grisly poem of the signs in Maine. Recently Elizabeth and Walter Lawton reported to the magazine *Nature* that on one sixteen-mile stretch of the highway in Connecticut just east of the New York line there were 1,800 signs, 112 to the mile, more than one a second if you travel fifty miles an hour. They called the approach to the national capital on the Baltimore-Washington Boulevard stretch of U. S. 1 "the motorist's nightmare," with 618 business places and nearly 2,500 signs along less than thirty miles of road. One of the dirtiest and most damaged landscapes in America takes the millions who presumably seek beauty with pleasure to Maine and Florida and all the resort places between.

I wish I had Mr. Burt's confidence in this present American mood. Unfortunately, the highways have nowhere been worse smeared than by the honky-tonk villages at the gates of new army camps. More and more billboards are going up for the soldiers and for the travelers with defense wages in their pocket-books. Increasingly the neon signs shut out the stars at night. I am not sure America does not like the mess. Night and day, stopping along the roads, I find many more persons listening to nickelodeons than to nature. I wonder if more people do not look with pleasure at the wisecrack poems on the Burma-Shave signs than at any delectable mountains, or at any glimpses the signboards permit of the sea. I hope I'm wrong. But I know that not even the sensitive South resents the patent-medicine signs advertising the prevalence of chills and fever. Maine, which bases its hopes on its function as a vacation land, allows the gate to its shores to be as hideous a passageway as America possesses. The road runs close to Kenneth Roberts's house and provides the best possible evidence to support his thesis that mobsters made this land. Certainly their descendants have lynched the roadsides, and Mr. Burt's voice sounds very still and small beside their high-speed roar in the ruins. His is still a whisper that we need.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

CONSTANCE ROURKE: ARTIST AND CITIZEN

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

ALMOST three months have passed since the death of Constance Rourke, a death so sudden, so unreasonable, so irrelevant, that it is difficult even now to write as if it had actually occurred. "The news of my death, my dear"—I can hear her saying it in her firm buoyant voice—"has been greatly exaggerated." Her set toward living was so strong, she was attached to life at so many points, that one refuses to believe this break is not as reparable as a short circuit that throws a high tension system temporarily out of function.

"We all feel," wrote a friend in Grand Rapids the day after her funeral, "that she has been here with us all the time, and we find ourselves saying, 'How Constance would enjoy'—whatever it was—about her own funeral." She would certainly have shared her friends' amusement over the solemnities and ironies of funerals, including her own. Even more deeply, I think, she would have shared the resentment and anger that flared up in myself and in many others that her work had been so stupidly interrupted.

Some years ago Van Wyck Brooks, writing to Miss Rourke about an article she had published in *The Nation*, told her that he looked forward with great eagerness to the appearance of what was to have been her major work—a critical-historical "essay" as she called it, on the whole range of American culture, with particular emphasis on the arts. I am sure that workers in the field all over the country shared that expectancy. So did laymen like myself who had intimations of its richness and scope. For that "essay," of several volumes, was to have set forth the fruits of discovery and conclusion gathered in the course of thirty years of search and research. There is no question that it would have been a major contribution to scholarship—two years ago her bibliography contained 10,000 entries; there is no question either that it would have been an important work of American literature. The "little blue slips" which made up the log of an extraordinary voyage of research that ranged from Maine to California through the Middle West and the deep South can be salvaged; the work of literature is lost—and it is a major loss.

Constance Rourke's approach to her materials combined the care of a disciplined worker, the wariness and taste of a connoisseur, and the never-flagging excitement of a pioneer breaking new trails. A few summers ago, as chauffeur on a three weeks' trip through New Eng-

land, I had the opportunity of observing her work in progress. It was primarily a vacation jaunt, but with Constance in charge, it became an exploration as well. She was searching, among other things, for wall paintings executed in the early nineteenth century by itinerant artists. We picked up one trail in the library at Newburyport that led us down a country road to a fine old house. And presently we were sitting in a parlor crowded with beautiful mahogany and shouting into the ear trumpet of a fine old lady in black bombazine who was pouring out her past in the subdued toneless voice of the very deaf. The painting that covered the walls of the stair well was perfectly preserved—because, as she explained without inflection, there had been no children in the house during her lifetime. It was also exquisite: a river, more white than blue, flowing through a forest of stenciled trees (the itinerant painter had to take short cuts), highlighted by two leaping "stylized" deer, elongated and painted—scarlet.

A German design marched in stiff repetition around the walls of the parlor in Old Lyme; in this case the painter may have been a Hessian soldier. In some of the houses we visited—in all of them Constance achieved within five minutes the status of an invited guest—children and time had left only bare outlines. We visited the remnants of the Shaker colonies, whose founders had a talent for high views, and all the museums that lay in our path. I remember the skill and charm with which she won the confidence of a reserved Shakeress; and the keen, appraising, not-to-be-fooled look in her eyes as she went swiftly through collections whose contents she already knew.

As she often insisted, she was not an antiquarian but a critic whose purpose was to relate and correlate, not to collect. For that reason reading her books, particularly "American Humor," which prefigured the "big book," is like walking through new woods and flushing at every step not a scholarly or antiquarian "bustard urging its slow, heavy, laborious, earth-skimming flight over dreary and level wastes," but a "covey of poetic partridges with whirring wings"—if I may appropriate Coleridge's vivid sentences. Many of her ideas were bold and controversial—which makes for liveliness in writing. She invited rather than avoided argument—which makes for care in documentation and adds confidence to delight.

"American Humor" was subtitled "A Study of the National Character." When the big book was only be-

ginning to take shape in her mind, she described it as a study of the forms of the American imagination. This description gives the key to her central interest. Much of her long day's work was done in the obscure reaches of library stacks, but it was animated and directed by her passionate and by all odds primary concern—the problem of the creative artist, which she understood because she was herself one of that company. She held the view that the creative worker in any field, if he is to achieve the confidence and strength of maturity, must be aware not only of himself but of the social, historical, and cultural background out of which he has come. She conceived her task as critic to be that of making our natural inheritance of tradition, myth, and craftsmanship, both native and European, as accessible and as nourishing to the creative worker in America as, say, the French and European background has been to the creative worker in France. The last paragraph of "American Humor" might stand as a statement of her aims, and I quote it in full for that reason.

For a creative writer the major problem seems to be to know the patternings of the grain; and these can hardly be discovered in rich color without understanding of the many sequences of the American tradition on the popular side as well as on purely literary levels. The writer must know, as Eliot said, "the mind of his own country—a mind which he learns in time to be much more important than his own private mind." A favored explanation for the slow and spare development of the arts in America has lain in stress upon the forces of materialism. But these have existed in every civilization; they have even at times seemed to assist the process of art. The American failure to value the productions of the artist has likewise been cited; but the artist often seems to need less of critical persuasion and sympathy than the unstudied association with his natural inheritance. Many artists have worked supremely well with little encouragement; few have worked without a rich traditional store from which consciously or unconsciously they have drawn. The difficult task of discovering and diffusing the materials of the American tradition—many of them still buried—belongs for the most part to criticism; the artist will steep himself in the gathered light. In the end he may use native sources as a point of radical departure; he may seldom be intent upon early materials; but he will discover a relationship with the many streams of native character and feeling. The single writer—the single production—will no longer stand solitary and aggressive but within a natural sequence.

In "American Humor" Miss Rourke, among other things, placed our major writers in relation to the many sequences of the American tradition on the neglected popular side as well as "on purely literary levels." The result is a fresh and enlarged view of the sources of our literature, a view which includes the frontier as well as New England and Europe. Tall tales and the "comic

poets" who, beginning with stories out of other and older mythologies, created legends distinctively American were of special interest to one concerned with the "forms of the American imagination." This interest led her into long tedious examinations of the popular literature of earlier generations, which were rewarded by such discoveries as the beautiful tale, buried in an old almanac, of how Davy Crockett went to Daybreak Hill and came back "with a piece of sunrise in his pocket." And this is only one small example of her large store of gathered light.

I never felt that Miss Rourke's work received the recognition it deserved; just as I was always sure that that recognition would come with the publication of the "essay" on American culture. But though she missed the public triumph that should have been hers, she had her private rewards. I know of no individual, and this is a considered statement, who drew from so wide a range of people such rich, free offerings of affection, loyalty, and respect. This may begin to sound merely like a tribute to a friend. It is certainly that, but my reason for putting it in print is not personal. Constance Rourke's relationship with the world she lived in had a social as well as a personal significance. For one thing that world was far larger than the bailiwicks most of us inhabit. Intellectuals in particular tend to cut themselves off from this and that and the other current of American life. The scholar sticks to his books, the artist to other artists; the critic, confronted with so much dross, becomes a walking rejection slip. Miss Rourke was all three of these, yet she continued to see, and experience, American life whole. The fact that she lived and worked in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is in a way symbolic in a period when, as Van Wyck Brooks recently said, most writers "hated the town they were born in." She not only "resided" in Grand Rapids; she took part in its life as a community. I should like to quote again from the letter of the friend in Grand Rapids.

During these last days all sorts of men and women have called, and came to the funeral. There were librarians and teachers, poor people she had helped in little unknown ways, a farm woman who sold her bread at the city market, a maid who never worked for her but in whom she was interested; when the question came up of selecting bearers for the funeral we decided that we would just make a list of men who would want to be included without regard to number. We had fourteen. . . . There was the mayor, who had worked with her on the Committee to Defend America, there was the sales manager of one of our biggest firms, a lawyer and a doctor and an automobile salesman [she had no automobile]. Then there was a young liberal, the head of our Transient Bureau, a young struggling artist, and a professor at the theological seminary. No one of them knew all the others, and the list represented a cross-section of our community.

"There is no question," said a Grand Rapids business man to me, "that Constance Rourke was our most distinguished citizen."

Such statements hardly fit with the general assumption that the serious writer who lives west of the Hudson must necessarily be isolated and lonely. It was one of the assumptions that Miss Rourke often assailed, and her own experience suggests that the writer himself bears some of the responsibility for his status as outcast. She was as sensitive as anyone could be to cultural poverty; her awareness of it was the mainspring of her work. She was a liberal and a democrat in the most concrete sense of those much-abused words. Yet she contrived the good life in the place where Grand Rapids furniture and Senator Vandenberg come from. She was at the center of the cultural ferment that works in every community, the friend and adviser of the struggling painter, the beginning sculptor, the young man who wants to be a writer. She set the pace as well for that group of intelligent laymen which is likewise always to be found in the smaller American cities. She accepted "her town" and became a force in it. And one of her rewards was a sense of belonging to a community, which, as the Shakeress told us that afternoon in Maine, helped to explain why so many excellent craftsmen flourished in the Shaker colonies.

Her success with people of every age and calling was based primarily on an incorrigible interest in human beings. She loved the give and take of conversation and thoroughly enjoyed an argument. This interest was no doubt widened and reinforced by the nature of her work. The politician and the business man, as well as the artist, were manifestations of the complex American background she had set out to explore and put in critical order. She understood them often far better than they understood themselves, and her quick verbal sketches of character were extraordinary. She was a person of strong feelings, vigorous opinions, and strict standards; yet she never avoided the responsibility of living and coping with the infinite variety of human beings, never resorted to the self-defeating expedient of burying them in categories. She would have made an excellent diplomat; she was a born teacher; and she sometimes said humorously, but seriously too, that the American tendency toward evangelism and reform was in her blood. She incited loyalty, and her enthusiasm for work and life was infectious.

She influenced many people. But her sense of humor and a genuine humility precluded any touch of self-importance; and her influence was that of a friend whose faith is both a reassurance and a challenge that must be met. She was a source of strength; with her quick responses and her sense of the ridiculous she was also the gay companion. One looked forward to her visits for both reasons. It is hard to admit that they have ended.

When Huey Long Was Kingfish

LOUISIANA HAYRIDE. By Harnett T. Kane. William Morrow and Company. \$3.

NO ONE, not even the Kingfish himself, could quite explain Huey Long. He said, "Just say I'm *sui generis* and let it go at that." Mr. Kane has not added much to what was already known of Huey Long, but he has done a wholly creditable job of telling the story of the regime from start to finish. The men who ruled Louisiana after Huey Long was dead were easy to understand. They were, with a few minor exceptions, either vulgarians or thieves, and usually both. They put gold fixtures in their bathrooms and they stole everything in sight. It is an exciting story, and Mr. Kane portrays this amazing gallery of rogues with much skill.

Mr. Kane first of all makes clear why it was that Huey Long found the Louisiana soil so fertile for his dictatorship. The people had been so constantly abused and so often betrayed that they had precious little faith in what went by the name of democracy in Louisiana. Huey Long called it Tweedledum-Tweedledee government. He said, "One of 'em skinned you from the ankles up, the other from the neck down. But you got skinned just the same." The moral is obvious but will bear repeating in these days—if democracy is to be saved it must be made strong and healthy, a living thing, useful to the people, worthy of faith and of love.

Next Mr. Kane's book makes it clear that Huey Long was not a fascist, if by fascism one means some conscious theory of government such as rule by an élite or a totalitarian state. Huey Long knew little of economics and less of ideologies. His share-the-wealth plan was an unworkable hodge-podge of poor-white dreams and hopeless economics. The Long regime from beginning to end was motivated by nothing else than the hunger for power and the hunger for boodle. Huey Long was the "pure dictator," without any ideological frills. Early in his political career he perfected a formula for obtaining power. The poor whites could give him power, because they had the votes and trusted him as one of them. In return he must give them something, possibly not much, but more than they had had before. Huey Long kept enough of his promises to convince the poor whites that he meant what he said. The poor whites got free schoolbooks, good roads, and the work of building them; the politicians got the boodle; Huey Long got the power. The poor whites trusted him as long as he lived, and when he was dead they made a martyr of him. They trusted him even while he was betraying them by making secret deals with the "interests." Of course they didn't know about the deals, or at least not all about them. Nor did they fully realize that for every dollar of benefits they were getting, the dictatorship was stealing two dollars. But it is doubtful whether they would have rebelled even had they known the full truth. "At least we got something," a North Louisiana farmer said. "Before him, we got nothing. That's the difference."

The people excused themselves by saying that even if the men around Huey Long were crooked, Huey himself was a man of honesty and integrity. But Mr. Kane thinks that a part of the loot went into Huey Long's pockets. As for his

political integrity, he had none even at the beginning. There was never a time in his whole public career when he was not actively betraying the people who had voted for him.

By 1935 Huey Long had made himself the master of Louisiana and was reaching out for the United States. He had sent himself to the United States Senate, leaving behind a puppet governor. The Roosevelt Administration fully expected him to defeat Senators Robinson of Arkansas and Harrison of Mississippi in the 1936 primaries. Moreover, Jim Farley found that if Huey Long should run for President in 1936, he would get as many as 4,000,000 votes, possibly enough to hold the balance of power. The Roosevelt Administration was thoroughly scared, and Huey Long was having the time of his life. He was confident he would be President, but thought 1940 would be his year. At this point the assassin's bullet put an end to his career. Huey Long prayed, "Oh, Lord, don't let me die. My work for America is not finished."

The national threat disappeared almost from the day that Huey Long died. Gerald L. K. Smith tried but failed to keep the movement going on a national scale. The other heirs were willing to confine themselves to Louisiana. They might still be reigning there in unquestioned power if their greed had not led them on to ruin. Whereas Huey Long had wanted power more than money, his successors wanted money more than power. The Kingfish had once mused, "If them fellows ever try to use the powers I've given 'em, without me to hold 'em down, they'll all land in the penitentiary." That was exactly where most of them landed.

But one who believes in democracy will not find much comfort in reading Mr. Kane's account of their decline and fall. What finally broke the dictatorship was not the people of Louisiana but the intervention of the federal government. After having played a most ambiguous role in the "Second Louisiana Purchase," the Roosevelt Administration partly redeemed itself by sending in O. John Rogge in 1939. The parade then began to the penitentiary. Yet with most of the leaders in jail, and none but the incompetent Earl Long left to head the regime, it lost the election of February 20, 1940, by only 19,000 votes. Suppose that Huey Long had not died. Suppose that the federal government had not intervened. Suppose that the dictatorship had had one leader who was both able and honest enough to be put up as a "front." Suppose such another dictatorship, with no better purpose but with more shrewdness, should arise elsewhere in America. What then, fellow-Americans, what then?

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

"Lest We Forget"

THE DIARY OF GINO SPERANZA: ITALY, 1915-1919.

Edited by Florence Colgate Speranza. Columbia University Press. Two Volumes. \$6.

GINO SPERANZA was born in 1872 in Connecticut, the son of a university teacher of Italian origin. He was an American through and through, but in his soul a bridge of affection constantly remained open between the land of his birth and that of his ancestors. In August, 1915, after Italy had entered the World War, he went there as

correspondent and stayed until April, 1919. The American ambassador to Rome realized his usefulness as an expert in Italian affairs and attached him to the embassy.

During those years Speranza kept a diary of his whereabouts, talks, observations, and thoughts. The diary has now been published by his companion in Italy, his wife. Her love and intelligence have given us a model of skilful editing.

Speranza took up residence in Florence, then in Rome, and, while convalescing from a serious illness, in Sorrento. But he often motored from Venice to Naples, from Pisa to Ravenna. A man of exquisite taste, he enjoyed lovely landscapes and works of art. He loved Venice as his sweetheart. His pages on Venice in the blackout, as Arthur Livingston remarks in his excellent introduction, deserve a place in a Venetian anthology side by side with Goethe's and Ruskin's descriptions.

But Speranza was not a tourist living in the past and indifferent to the present. He often visited the fighting front, met people of all estates, observed economic conditions, intellectual currents, and religious and moral habits with lively intelligence, keen curiosity, and a generous heart. The picture changes from page to page. The whole Italian nation parades before our eyes: army chiefs and privates, ladies of the nobility and peasants, anti-clerical intellectuals and Catholic parish priests, young men who had come from Wyoming to fight and politicians homesick for the good old times of the German alliance. With sustained interest one follows the writer in his manifold inquiries and experiences, from the storm, cold, and death of Mt. Adamello, at an altitude of 12,000 feet in the Alps, to the smiling seashore of the Gulf of Naples. One shares Speranza's sympathy and respect for the wisdom, gentleness, and stoical endurance of the Italian humble folk.

When he arrived in Italy, Speranza had no doubts about the soundness of Foreign Minister Sonnino's policies. But his duty as an honest observer was to become acquainted with all pros and cons in Italian happenings. Thus little by little doubts began to creep into his mind. He wrote on January 18, 1916: "Is Sonnino's finely spun diplomacy too finely spun? Is it a house of cards?" Doubts went on increasing and developed into actual condemnation. The mean measures by which President Wilson in Rome was kept aloof from all but official circles aroused Speranza's contempt: "I am through with them! The trouble is that government everywhere today is class government, and it is so entrenched, if not behind physical force, then behind sentiments, respects, habits of mind, and human vanities that you can't hope to change it constitutionally." One of the firebrands who worked in the service of the official policies attacked him as a "paid agent of Yugoslav imperialism." He had committed the crime of meeting people who did not approve of those policies. "I have since learned that the Nationalists have it in for me because I am a friend of Z——, but to think that I have never talked with him of the Adriatic question!" Beside the common sense and gentleness of the humble Italian folk, there were also at work in Italy the brutality, boastfulness, and stupidity of nationalism, which was the father of Fascism.

Mrs. Speranza has prefaced her husband's two volumes by no more than three words: "Lest we forget." The poor

showing that Mussolini's armed forces have made during the present war leads too many people to forget what the Italian nation suffered during the other war, and to make light of the fact that there exists beyond Mussolini and will always exist after Mussolini the Italian people. "Lest we forget."

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Poetry Continues

NEW POEMS: 1940. AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. The Yardstick Press. \$2.50.

THE poetry here is on a surprisingly high level. There are at least three or four very good poems and perhaps one great one. The credit belongs of course to the poets, but the responsibility for the presence of so much good verse in an anthology that confines itself roughly to a single year is particularly Mr. Williams's. I like his taste, I like his prejudices—even though I may suspect occasionally the intrusion of the politics of the professional poet and the man about poetry. Although he takes in much that stems from other areas of poetic opinion, Mr. Williams's bias runs more or less to the school of Auden and his affiliates. Auden leaves his impress everywhere: most of the poets here borrow or emulate his chic and timeliness; a good many work within his technique. Mr. Williams says that "the poetry . . . bears witness to a new vitality, a kinship with reality, a concern with an answer in a world reeling with questions." True

enough. Behind most of the poems the reader senses or should sense the presence of a moment in history great with threats. The poems depend for their emotion upon this sensed presence. Since there is so little left in the world that one can take seriously and sincerely enough to write poetry about, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Williams that this is a good thing, but not altogether for the reasons, or lack of reasons, he gives in an introduction shouted in the best avant-garde style and packed with the usual enthymemes with which poets since Shelley have been in the habit of justifying their trade.

Thirty-six poets are represented in this collection, eight of them British, the rest American. But the space given to the British representatives is far out of proportion to their actual number. George Barker gets more space than any other single poet—in addition to a foreword by him filled with metaphorical definitions, all of which have been heard before. But he earns it. He has as much energy as Dylan Thomas, by whom he is somewhat influenced; and if he has less intensity and incandescence, he is open to more experience and can talk about more things. Under Lorca's influence, Barker writes in the simple declarative sentence; his lines pound downhill in trochees and spondees, belaboring our ears with internal rhymes, assonances, and alliteration, jolting our minds with the abrupt stops and turns of his figures of speech. There are a few too many modish tags and epithets, too much of the small change of the latest best poetry, too much talk here and there about Time, but all these things are carried off by the poet's surging energy and somehow made acceptable. Meanwhile, what a sound-box! In Barker as in Auden, English poetry becomes once more loud orotund, periodic, declamatory.

As verse it is becoming even more irregular. To judge from this anthology, free verse as we knew it has disappeared almost entirely, but while seemingly regular measures are being taken up again, they are being subjected to a steady, subtle, and more dangerous attrition. There is under way a loosening and disintegration of the traditional syllabic and accentual system of English verse by which it seems to be acquiring a kind of "quantitative" character, using the cadenced phrase rather than the brace of syllables as its unit of measure. Syllabic accent has become so subdued that the poet is governed in the placing of his stresses only by sense-rhythm and our habits of breathing. The voice has a tendency to linger upon rather than bear down upon the emphatic syllable—as in prose. And rhymes are imperfect and do not coincide with important words. What is happening is that the cadences as well as some of the very tones of prose are being assimilated to poetry; not that the latter is becoming more prosaic in the sense—mainly descriptive—that free verse became prosaic, but that it is trying to expand its register. It wants once more to generalize, state, argue, and exhort, as well as to sing and describe. If anything, it is becoming more high-flown, and if it admits more ideas than formerly, it deals with them rather hysterically.

A hysterical note sounds through a good deal of the verse in Mr. Williams's anthology. It is justified by the state of our times. Sometimes, however, it is factitious, as in Muriel Rukeyser's poetry; sometimes it gets out of control, as in Mr. Williams's own verse.

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But let me signal to the prospective reader's attention such excelling poems in this book as Elizabeth Bishop's *Roosters*, W. R. Rodgers's *Summer Holidays*, Barker's *Second American Ode*, Dylan Thomas's sonnets, John Crowe Ransom's *Address to the Scholars of New England*, and most of all Stephen Spender's *The Double Shame*.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Out of the Night

THE DARKEST HOUR. By Leo Lania. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75.

LEO LANIA is an Austrian journalist who earned the hatred of Hitler as long ago as 1923, when he wormed his way into Nazi ranks under the pretense of being an Italian Fascist and subsequently wrote an exposé of the Munich beer-hall putsch. Lania was rewarded for this act in 1933, when the Nazis came to power, by having a price put on his head. He fled to Paris, where in spite of his long anti-fascist history he was placed in a concentration camp at the beginning of the present war. His situation was no different from that of thousands of other refugees who were judged by their nationality rather than their sentiments. While officials of the purest French blood were allowed to connive without hindrance in the highest government offices, anti-fascists like Lania were locked up.

After the country was overrun by the Germans, many of the refugees went straight from the hands of their French captors into the even less merciful ones of the Gestapo. Lania was one of those who escaped, and the story of that escape, a fine adventure story told with literary distinction, forms the substance of this book.

The incredible personal hardships suffered by Lania make all the more remarkable the balanced tone in which his book is written. He does not step before the reader to point the moral of his story but lets each incident speak for itself. Most of the incidents of this narrative are vivid enough to need no underlining. The reader is not likely to forget the figure of the terrified Negro whom Lania encounters while he is still in Nazi-occupied territory. He has become separated from his regiment and is trying to escape falling into the hands of the Germans.

A towering figure stepped toward us. A Negro. His face shone like polished ebony, and his eyes rolled like two white marbles. The rain ran down his cheeks.

"Have they passed?" he asked. He was trembling all over, and his teeth were chattering.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked him.

"I don't know. If they catch me—. They don't take us prisoners. They shoot us."

When asked about his companions, he continued in broken French, "Soldiers all prisoner. Negroes not took prisoner . . . they kill Negroes. Why? Aren't we soldiers too?" Such scenes are more likely to bring home the meaning of Nazi racial theories than any abstractions of partisan politics.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer has supplied a short but penetrating introduction to the book. Mr. Lania's translator, Ralph Marlowe, also deserves to be credited.

MILTON HINDUS

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

EUROPE UNDER HITLER IN PROSPECT AND IN PRACTICE.

By A. J. B. Oxford. 25 cents.

NORTHWEST GATEWAY. By Archie Binns. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

THIS REALM, THIS ENGLAND. Edited by Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings House. \$3.75.

FUNDAMENTALS OF PLAY DIRECTING. By Alexander Dean. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.

THE BERTRAND RUSSELL CASE. Edited by John Dewey and Horace M. Kallen. Viking. \$2.50.

AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PEDAUQUE and *THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS.* By Anatole France. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 90 cents.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY. By George Grossmith and Weedon Grossmith. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 90 cents.

CHILE, LAND OF PROGRESS. By Earl P. Hanson. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.75.

DEMOCRACY OR ANARCHY? A STUDY OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. By F. A. Hermens. University of Notre Dame. \$4.

A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Lawrence Hunt. Putnam's. \$1.50.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN EUROPE: THE FACTS AT A GLANCE. By J. Hampden Jackson and Kerry Lee. Macmillan. \$1.75.

A SMALL-TOWN BOY. By Rufus M. Jones. Macmillan. \$2.

AMERICAN SCENES. Edited by William Kozlenko. John Day. \$2.50.

NAZI EUROPE AND WORLD TRADE. By Cleona Lewis. Brookings Institution. \$2.

PEACE AIMS AND THE NEW ORDER. Outlining the Case for European Federation Together with a Draft Constitution of a United States of Europe. By R. W. G. Mackay. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

CATHERINE OF ARAGON. By Garrett Mattingly. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH HITLER. By Douglas Miller. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

THIS WAR WE WAGE. By The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M. P., Howard Spring, E. M. Delafield. Emerson Books. \$1.

BEVIN AND CO. THE LEADERS OF BRITISH LABOUR. By Patricia Strauss. Putnam's. \$2.50.

THE RELUCTANT REPUBLIC. VERMONT: 1724-1791. By Frederic F. Van de Water. John Day. \$3.

THE POCKET READER. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Pocket Books. 25 cents.

THE PARENTS' MANUAL. By Anna W. M. Wolf. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

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FILMS

Hollywood, June 11

THE Motion Picture Theater Owners of America are in town: at least some of them are. This year was to be the most important, most eventful exhibitors' convention ever held, with the M. P. T. O. A. and the Pacific Coast independent group meeting at the source of production and scheduled to discuss a number of vital and controversial subjects with the producers. Box-office receipts all over the country have recently been showing a steady and disconcerting decline, all the more disturbing because it coincides with heavy national-defense spending calculated to have quite the contrary effect on box-office takings; the exhibitors' convention was supposed to discuss, among other matters, how to offset this slump. The operation of the consent decree with respect to picture booking, the double feature, cash clubs, and bank nights were other problems which were expected to attract the enthusiastic attention of the delegates.

However, instead of the 1,500 exhibitors expected, about 350 turned up, many of them Pacific Coast theater owners. Of these, apparently a large proportion found the attractions of Hollywood too much, for at many of the meetings and addresses only a handful appeared, while the others were suspected of attending the races at Hollywood Park or visiting the night spots. The industry feels insulted by this rather cavalier treatment, for not only does it consider the financial situation of the motion-picture industry serious enough to demand the theater owners' earnest attention, but also it went to a lot of trouble to provide entertainment for the visitors, including such treats as tours through various studios and a barbecue

at the Columbia Studios Ranch, which apparently was not properly appreciated. A leading trade paper remarks that next time Hollywood is chosen for a convention Hollywood will not respond.

One thing that the convention is on the verge of accomplishing is the condemnation of the double feature. This is regarded by the top producers and by many exhibitors as the greatest evil in the picture industry, keeping far more people out of the theaters than it brings in and causing Hollywood to offer inferior products in order to keep pace with the demand for films. Some exhibitors, however, still regard the double bill as an attraction and have successfully opposed up to now the efforts of certain studios and other exhibitors to abolish it; at the present moment one of the chief supporters of the double feature is reported to be wavering, and if he can be won over, there is every hope that it will be abolished.

RECENT FILMS

Having sighted his precision rifle squarely on Herr Hitler strolling on his terrace at Berchtesgaden, Captain Alan Thorndyke renounces the pleasure of pulling the trigger as thoroughly un-British and unsporting, and from then on never enjoys a quiet moment during the entire course of "Man Hunt." This picture is an adaptation of Geoffrey Household's novel "Rogue Male," and the adaptation gains in thrills what it loses in plausibility. The director, Fritz Lang, seems able to give a few lessons in the technique of suspense even to Alfred Hitchcock, and has created out of a maze of improbabilities, inaccuracies, and poor performances a really exciting picture. Walter Pidgeon, who plays Captain Thorndyke, sportsman and brother of a lord, is thrown from a cliff, shot at in the subway, and trapped in a cave with a sangfroid so *froid* as to be confusable with woodenness, while Joan Bennett's interpretation of a Cockney girl belongs, if anywhere, in the high-school dramatics class: London is presented as a city of brownstone houses, Renault taxicabs, and costers in full regalia, and the English appear capable of no other emotions than a few slow resentments. How Fritz Lang managed to make of this material one of the most exciting adventure pictures since "Foreign Correspondent" is an inexplicable mystery, but indisputable proof of his ability as a director.

The screen version of the play "The Gentle People," now rather prosaically renamed "Out of the Fog," gives the

impression of being just about to deliver one of Warner Brothers' weighty social messages without ever quite succeeding in unburdening itself. Some essential element of the play must have gone with the title, for the banks of fog in which the characters wander seem to be symbolic of their state of mind rather than to serve any real dramatic purpose. John Garfield plays a petty gangster, a water-front bully, who terrorizes gentle old Thomas Mitchell and almost succeeds in enticing his daughter, Ida Lupino, away to Cuba. Virtue triumphs and terror vanishes in the soupy waters of Sheepshead Bay, but this, in the picture, seems to happen more through luck than good management. The play, for so it still is rather than a film, is beautifully acted by Mr. Garfield, Miss Lupino, and Mr. Mitchell, and Odette Myrtil gives an arrestingly good performance in a small role.

The distinctive flavor of Damon Runyon's prose is conveyed to the screen with great success in an unpretentious and amusing picture adapted from his story "Tight Shoes." A gangster whose feet hurt, corrupt politicians, a strip-tease artist, and a shoe clerk who finds himself transformed into a modern Carrie Nation provide the material from which the director, Albert Rogell, and the authors, Leonard Spigelgass and Art Arthur (via Mr. Runyon of course), have concocted a delightfully original film. The humor is certainly not subtle, but it is dispensed with much verve and gusto by a cast which seems thoroughly to enjoy itself. Binnie Barnes, who for some time has been unfortunately enmeshed in portrayals of ladies of the higher social brackets, comes into her very funny own with her performance as the strip-tease artist.

ANTHONY BOWER

RECORDS

TO ITS previous reissues of hot jazz classics Columbia has added an album (C-43, \$2.50) of performances in which the clarinetist Teschmaker participated. These include the famous four sides recorded by the McKenzie and Condon Chicagoans: on 35951 "China Boy," with the most exciting ensembles, an outstanding piano solo by Sullivan, and a superb solo entrance by Teschmaker that fizzles out miserably, and "Sugar," less exciting, but with good playing by McPartland on cornet, a fine half-chorus by Teschmaker; on 35952 "Liza," also less ex-

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citing, but with good playing by McPartland and Teschmaker, and building up to a powerful close, and the faster and livelier "Nobody's Sweetheart," with McPartland outstanding and Teschmaker's playing exciting in its drive rather than its musical ideas. And on 35953 we get the finest performance of the album, the Miff Mole "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble," with, among other things, a superb extended solo by Teschmaker. But on the reverse side is the same group's "One Step to Heaven," offered with the usual excitement as something previously unissued, and turning out as usual to be something which the company showed good judgment in not issuing. Also, on 35951 we get the mediocre Charles Pierce "Sister Kate" and "Nobody's Sweetheart." And the inclusion of these things leaves no room for two outstanding performances—the Chicago Rhythm Kings "I've Found a New Baby" and "There'll Be Some Changes Made" with superb playing by Spanier on cornet, and with Teschmaker's most disciplined, integrated, and perfectly formed solo in the first piece, his characteristic rhythmic intricacy in the second (they can be had on Commodore 7-8).

All this volume needs is a "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble" offered excitedly as a previously unissued pressing from the second master, with a solo by Teschmaker inferior to the one on the originally issued pressing from the first master; then the volume would be a perfect example of the ways in which this project of reissuing the classics of hot jazz has been mishandled. It isn't only a critic who needs a clear head and an eye kept rigorously on his object; and it isn't only the writing on jazz that has suffered from the people with muddled heads and with eyes on their own performances and on the audiences they have performed for. What has caused them to write as loud champions of small-group hot improvisation and then to use this championship in loud propaganda for some of the commercial large bands, has also caused them to start with the objective of reissuing the original classics of recorded hot jazz performance and then to get this objective cluttered up with previously unissued first and second masters and other things that should have been issued, if at all, after the original classics had been reissued, not before. Last summer I heard for the first time the old Okeh record of two classics—the Bertha Hill-Louis Armstrong "Pratt City Blues" and "Pleading for the Blues"; and tremen-

dously excited by them I inquired whether they would be included among the projected reissues. Yes indeed—in an album of blues singers that would appear in November. That month is long past; the reissues have included everything from the best of Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Beiderbecke, to unimportant things by these musicians theatrically discovered in the dim Columbia archives at 5:23 in the morning, and even to an albumful of Dorsey Brothers (C-51, \$2.50); but they haven't included the Bertha Hill-Armstrong classics; and there must be other things of the sort. These, I dare say, will come out eventually, and all the Dorsey Brothers album does is to delay them; but issuing the second master of, say, Ellington's "Lazy Rhapsody" means that the original classic, with its finer vocal passage, will not be reissued at all.

In the volume Hot Trombones (C-46, \$2.50) we get on 36008 the late Jimmy Harrison's beautiful twelve-measure contribution to the 1930 Chocolate Dandies' excellent "Dee Blues," and the less interesting "Bugle Call Rag"; on 36009 the same group's "Got Another Sweetie Now," originally issued only in England, in which Harrison has only a vocal that is quite undistinguished, and the 1933 Eddie Condon "Tennessee Twilight"—"originally issued in England and France, second master"—with three lovely solos by Russell on clarinet, Kaminsky on cornet, and O'Brien on trombone; on 36010 a good solo by Miff Mole in his 1927 "Original Dixieland One Step," and the fine work of Teagarden in his 1929 "Makin' Friends" (a quite different and even finer version is on Commodore 28); on 36011 the powerful playing of Higginbotham in his 1930 "Higginbotham Blues," and the undistinguished Benny Morton 1934 "Gold Diggers' Song."

As for single discs, there is simply but beautifully phrased playing by Louis Armstrong in the 1924 Clarence Williams Blue Five's "Mandy, Make Up Your Mind" and "I'm a Little Blackbird" (35957); but the "Crying All Day" and "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" of the Trumbauer Orchestra with Beiderbecke (35956) are unexciting.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Reviewed by Edgar Ansel Mowrer

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Letters to the Editors

The Way to Help Europe

Dear Sirs: The editorial *How to Invade Europe* (issue of May 31), with its insistence on revolution as the only way to overcome Hitler, is refreshing; you have at last come to realize that only Europe, and especially Germany, can settle European and German problems. Can you not carry the thinking to its conclusions? Can you not see that the only real help America can give is through the example of its own triumphant democratic, socialized development?

The political education of Europeans can come much more quickly and efficiently in time of peace than in time of war; by entering the conflict America would be merely erecting one more barrier against the spread of its own idealism through the world. You note that "the men who run our country and run our defense program are unprepared to make a revolution." Of course they are, both here and in England. The war, and war emotions, is supported by "the best people" in the wild hope of avoiding revolutionary issues. Imperialism and revolution do not run together. The fact that we, who so recently were boiling with holy rage against Russia for seizing the Finnish shores of the Gulf of Cronstadt, are now clamoring, with an equal holy rage, for the seizure of Dakar and Martinique, with a much less valid excuse than Russia's, reveals the depths of moral obliquity to which war thinking leads.

Every step on the part of this country toward war is a step away from every decency, every ideal, every kind of progress for which *The Nation* has for so many years campaigned. Every step toward war makes the example America could give to Europe less worthy, every achievement of social progress here less possible.

The best way to fight the war against National Socialism is to fight its causes here—race prejudice, stupid and unnecessary poverty, technological unemployment, evil concentrations of power in the hands of finance capitalism, outworn distribution systems, greed deified as "drive," and so on—you can make your own list.

We have nearly a continent of our own to make truly democratic before we crusade in other continents. Our

masses, who do not seem to want to enter the war, in this seem wiser than some of our leaders, who do.

TALBOT HAMLIN

New York, June 12

Professor Mamlock Silenced

Dear Sirs: It now becomes evident that in their friendship pact of August 23, 1939, Stalin promised Hitler that he would never again produce or allow to be released by his representatives abroad any anti-Nazi film. In conformance with this policy the various "Amkinos" folded up about a year ago. However, an "Artkino" has recently been formed to resume releasing Soviet films. If you phone this Artkino office, where the staff is the same as that which managed the Amkino, to inquire whether you may ever again see the anti-Nazi films "Professor Mamlock" and "The Oppenheim Family," you will get the reply: "Sorry, but we do not distribute the old pictures any more." If you persist and ask why such films as "Chapayev" and "Potemkin" are available in New York but not the more recent "Professor Mamlock," you will get no satisfactory explanation. The conclusion to be drawn is clear.

ANDY ROBIN

New York, June 16

Mr. Eden's War Aims

Dear Sirs: Those of us seeking to rally America behind the President's stirring call to take an effective part in the British struggle will find it hard to swallow some of Foreign Secretary Eden's words in his speech on war aims.

Almost in the same breath in which he assured us that "the lasting settlement and internal peace of the Continent as a whole is our only aim," he shocked us with an incredible repetition of the vicious propaganda of the last war, saying of Germany that "five times in the last century she has violated peace." In a speech broadcast to this country on September 11, 1939, he expressed the same idea more fully, referring to the wars in Denmark in 1864, Austria in 1866, and France in 1870, 1914, and 1939.

The origins of the wars of the past eighty years are not as simple as Mr. Eden apparently believes. The Prussian-Austrian civil war within Germany was

a disturbance of peace far smaller than the Boer War or our own Civil War. Mr. Eden would do well to read Lord's "Origins of the Franco-Prussian War," Fay's "The Origins of the World War," and the first few chapters of Ponsonby's "Falsehood in War Time."

We seek, in the words of our President, no "world like the post-war world of the 1920's, in which the seeds of Hitlerism can again be planted and allowed to grow." In other words, we seek a chance to make good our mistakes of 1919. It is a rude awakening to hear the spirit of Versailles proclaimed in bold language by the British Foreign Secretary.

It is discouraging to historians that historical truths command so little respect in a world which sorely needs the light they alone can give. It is not helpful to advocates of aid to Britain when such ignorance and international ill-will are revealed by an official British spokesman. And it must be profoundly embarrassing to peace-loving Britons fighting against international hatred and organized contempt for the truth to find these evils appearing in their own ranks.

I hope the liberal press and the liberal letter-writers of this country will make it clear to the British embassy that Mr. Eden's war aims are not the kind America is willing to underwrite.

EDWARD T. LADD

New Haven, Conn., June 13

The Leviton Strike

Dear Sirs: The 1,700 workers of the Leviton Manufacturing Company, whose New York plant is in the slum-factory Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, have been on strike since last August 27. The company manufactures small electrical equipment—sockets, plugs, switches—is the largest in its field, and has no defense contracts. Most of the employees are young girls and women. About two years ago it was found guilty of unfair labor practices by the National Labor Relations Board; the board's action was affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals on April 29, 1940. Last November Local 3 was overwhelmingly chosen as the exclusive bargaining agent for the workers in an NLRB election in which the vote was 1,299 for the union and 70 against.

Here are some of the charges which

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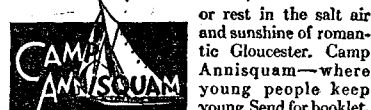
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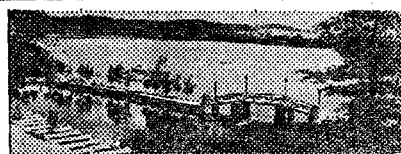
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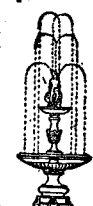
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the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 3, the union which is now leading the strike, makes against the company: (1) The plant operates under an intense speed-up system, and as soon as production is increased, rates on piece work are cut. (2) Employees often have lost wages because of the breakdown of machinery. They have been kept in the factory during the period of repair but not paid for the time thus spent. This is in violation of the wage-and-hour law. (3) The average pay of girl and women workers is \$16.35 a week. The average pay of male workers, skilled and unskilled, is \$23.49 a week. The company has no pension plan, no group insurance, no bonuses, and no profit-sharing plan. (4) Girls have often been injured at machines because safety devices were removed in order to speed up production. (5) Sanitary conditions are deplorable. The law provides that there shall be one toilet for every fifteen persons, but on one floor of the Leviton factory there was one toilet for over 200 workers.

The union's demands are simple: a \$16 minimum wage, a 10 per cent increase for all those earning more than the minimum at the time the strike was called, one week's vacation with pay, improved sanitary conditions, and a union shop.

The strike is now in its tenth month, and despite the fact that the union has paid each striker \$8 a week for strike benefits from the beginning, the misery and privation in Greenpoint are very great. Families have been dispossessed and malnutrition is taking its toll. Yet only 25 of the 1,700 original strikers have gone back to work.

Early in February Mrs. Roosevelt addressed the workers and, after listening to their demands, said: "I'm afraid I agree with you." Her appearance before the strikers was bitterly attacked by Westbrook Pegler, who referred to the leaders of this union as "labor coercionists."

The press of New York has been exceedingly friendly to the strikers; *PM* has made a splendid campaign for them and exposed the shameful working conditions and low wages. Yet despite an almost unanimously hostile public opinion, Mr. Leviton has refused to submit his case to arbitration and has boasted that he will starve his employees back to work.

The strike is the longest strike of its magnitude in New York and, to my way of thinking, reveals two things: (1) the inadequacies of the existing

labor laws, under which a recalcitrant employer can evade the spirit of the Wagner Act, and (2) the necessity for carrying on a struggle here in America against our own economic dictators.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON
 New York, June 10

We Hope Few Missed It

Dear Sirs: If any of your readers missed the article *Fate or Freedom?* by Auril Kolnai in the May 31 issue, I fervently hope that they will take the article to a quiet place and give it the careful attention it deserves. What Kolnai calls "the narrow superstitions of pacifist ethics" has not, to my knowledge, been anywhere else so brilliantly exposed.

HERMAN F. REISSIG
 Upper Montclair, N. J., June 10

CONTRIBUTORS

ROSE M. STEIN, a regular contributor to *The Nation*, is now doing labor research in Washington.

JOACHIM JOESTEN is a German journalist who lived in Scandinavia for many years. He prophesied the invasion of Denmark in his "Rats in the Larder."

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